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THE THUNDER STORM.

(Concluded from page 352.)

IN a short time the Laird, and Ellen, and the stranger, reached Ulva Hall, or the House of Ulva, as it was more generally named. It would be a vain task to attempt depicting the transition from utter despair to complete joy, in the mother and sister of the young lady, and an useless one, were it even possible to do it justice. Neither shall we try to paint the kindness, the thanks, the heartfelt gratitude, with which the gallant stranger was received. Every one who has a heart susceptible of feeling must conceive those things much better than any pen can describe them. Ellen, worn out with fatigue, was put to bed, while the Englishman, having been furnished with a change of clothing, went to supper, and related to the grateful and affectionate family the adventures of this remarkable evening.

The sleep of Ellen in the early part of the night was broken and disturbed; the events of the evening crowded thickly around her fancy. At first, she supposed herself looking with delight at the placid Grampians, which arose before her in all the beauty of a summer day. Then she had an indistinct notion of a storm which succeeded this beautiful calm. She saw the veil of darkness descend over the face of Nature, and, in the midst of this shadow, heard indistinct mutterings like those of an approaching tempest. And she thought she was alone in the midst

of the storm—standing like a victim to propitiate the Spirit of the elements. Then she heard strange voices like those of winds, howling in every quarter, and peals of thunder bursting sublimely from the mountain-ridges. The black summit of Cairngorm appeared at one time to her imagination, wreathed with pitchy clouds—at another on fire with lightning, and blazing like a volcano. Then she had a troubled and confused idea that she attempted to go homewards, and was suddenly arrested on her way, and left to perish on the mountains. A stranger then seemed to come to her assistance, but who he was, or from what country, she knew not. She had a faint recollection of being borne along in his arms in the midst of the storm, but all beyond this was a blank and dreary vacuity.

The Englishman's sleeping thoughts were of a somewhat similar kind: the same images floated across his imagination. He remembered quitting the house of Ardenvar, and wandering over the hills in search of game; his dog Cato seemed to walk by his side. The day was delightful, and he fancied that he went onward till nightfall overtook him on the hills. Then a storm succeeded, bleaded with whose tones he heard those of a female voice. Then he bethought him of a beautiful being, who lay in his arms in the midst of the tempest: he had but once seen

her countenance, and he thought it unspeakably lovely. Lastly, he had a dim fancy of entering a strange house, and supping with a generous and somewhat boisterous landlord. All his ideas were discordant; but in the midst of every reverie, that bright vision so mysteriously revealed to him glanced perpetually before his eyes.

It would be difficult to say whether Ellen or this stranger felt the greatest anxiety about their mutual meeting, or which of them had their curiosity excited to the highest pitch. She had never once seen the face of her preserver, having been carried to a different apartment the instant she was brought home, and he had only got a single glance of the maiden in the way we have related. The imaginations of both were therefore wrought up in no ordinary degree, for the Southern, by the way, had, as well as Ellen, a strong touch of the romantic. When they met in the morning, it was with mutual astonishment. He saw the young lady enter the room, and he thought he never saw such perfect beauty. Tall, graceful, and exquisitely proportioned, she stood before him in the bloom and ripeness of eighteen. Her complexion was beautifully fair—her eyes soft, blue, and melting—and her brow and temples of snowy whiteness, shaded by clustering ringlets of auburn hair. The lily and rose seemed to contend for mastery on her cheeks, but on the present occasion the former rather prevailed, till, on being presented to the stranger, her whole countenance, and neck, and bosom, were suffused in one universal blush. But it was the expression of her looks which gave the profoundest beauty to this lovely being. A halo of placid melancholy seemed to float around her, like a cloud in the midst of sunshine; and whether she looked, or sung, or spoke, there was an eloquence in her manner which subdued the souls of all, and assimilated them in some degree to her own.

Nor was she much less gratified at the sight of her deliverer. He was

a tall, handsome young man, apparently about twenty-five; his step was firm and graceful,—his countenance wore the ruddy hue of health,—his eyes were black, mirthful, and full of intelligence,—and his whole deportment replete with the polished ease of high life.—Fitz-William was his name; and, by the death of his father, he had lately succeeded to a very considerable property in Kent. It is needless to relate the meeting between him and Ellen. The heart of the latter was full of gratitude; and while she gave him her hand, and received his warm pressure in return, she thought she never felt so completely overpowered.

Among such friends restraint was out of the question; and, at the ardent request of the family, Fitz-William agreed to pass some time among them, to enjoy the pleasures of the sporting season. Having therefore despatched a messenger to Ardenvar to announce his intention, and bring him a few articles of dress, he prepared for a regular campaign among the mountains, along with the Laird, who was considered one of the keenest and best sportsmen in the country. Early every morning they were up shortly after sunrise, beating the quarters of the snipe, the partridge and the plover. The noiseless solitudes of the rocks were broken by the report of their guns, while the birds, arrested in their flight by the unerring shot, fell dead on that heath, from which a moment before they had risen in strength and in beauty. But mere sport was not the only source of their enjoyment. To the Laird, the conversation of the young stranger, so replete with information, mirth, and anecdote, was a perpetual feast; while the caustic remarks of the senior, his energy of character, his lofty feelings, and ardent nationality, afforded to the Englishman no less pleasure. Then, the respect which his numerous tenantry bore him, appeared in every step of their progress. Each cottage seemed blessed when he

crossed its humble threshold; and as he patted the heads of the children, and joked with their parents, his companion could not help blessing such kindness of disposition, and thinking what a comely heart lay enshrined in an unpromising exterior, and what noble feelings were hid under an outward roughness of manner.

But it was in the evenings that Fitz-William tasted most completely of happiness. When he returned from the hills, he found the lady of the glen and her two fair daughters ever ready to welcome him. The song and the dance mingled together in delightful harmony, and shed an inspiring influence over every bosom; and Ellen was constantly there, and she would sing the plaintive music of her native land, accompanying her voice with the piano or harp.—Then, when the music had ceased, and they had gathered round the hospitable board, the tale succeeded. The Laird's story would relate to the feuds of other times. It was plain and practical, and conveyed in nervous, but un fanciful language. Then came the merry voice of the sportive Margaret, full of the gossip of the country side. But to the stranger's ear, Ellen's voice was the sweetest, and her tale the most romantic of all,—it breathed the spirit of distant ages. A tale of blasted love and seared affection would come from her lips with a pathos unutterably touching. She would launch out into the traditional lore of the land, and people every glen with the forms of those who had long gone to rest. There was not a mountain around but contained some scene brightened over by her romantic fancy. Fitz-William could have listened to her forever. She spoke in a language of feeling he had never heard before,—a language which would have been delightful from any one, but which, from the lips of such beauty, was overpowering.

But it was in accompanying her in her walks over the hills that he had principally to remark this purity of

soul and unearthliness of imagination. When the Grampians rose before her she seemed refined to the creature of pure intellect. Every cloud that floated upon their sides contained the elements of feeling, and brought it from her bosom in poetic language. Creation was with her a fairy land, and her spirit seemed perpetually aspiring to a loftier and sublimer sphere. Need it be told what were the effects of such a communion upon Fitz-William? It won his heart entirely, and in a short time he felt that he was indeed deeply in love. The passion, inspired as it was by such an object, came over his spirit like the delightful music of a dream, and was blended with loftier and purer feelings than belong to ordinary love. The ethereal tone of Ellen's mind, and probably the circumstances in which they were brought together, gave it an unusual tinge. There is something in the romantic so pleasing to the mind of youth, that every passion which is coloured with it assumes a more ardent complexion. Ellen, likewise, before she was aware, felt that her heart was no longer her own. Gratitude towards the unknown, who had preserved her in so remarkable a manner, was her first feeling; but as the worth of this stranger became visible, as his high and generous spirit daily unfolded itself, this subsided into a tenderer passion.

And perhaps the very nature of their dispositions knit them closer together. The common remark, that extremes meet, appeared, in this instance, to be in some measure true; for while Ellen was naturally pensive and melancholy, her preserver was full of animal spirits. But gaiety was only the outward covering of his mind, for beneath all this animation lay a depth of understanding which astonished all who did not know him well. He had, moreover, a fine fancy, an enthusiastic heart, and an eye feelingly alive to every thing beautiful in the physical or moral world. Such hidden qualities did not long escape the eye of

Ellen, and when she led him along to the "Shepherds' Ford," or the "Black Craig," or the "Fairy Mount," and narrated the wild traditions connected with them, she found, with delight and astonishment, that he entered into the spirit of those tales with an enthusiasm hardly inferior to her own.

This delightful intercourse continued for nearly two months, the attachment of the lovers becoming every day more ardent. Ellen was never at any former period so gay, and Fitz-William seemed to live in the very element of happiness. The kindness of the family towards him suffered no abatement. On the contrary, every hour seemed to give birth to some new proof of its esteem. The Laird became so attached to his society, that he declared he could not pass the winter without him. The lady treated him with the affection of a mother, Margaret with that of a sister, and Ellen with a feeling deeper than all. But nothing can arrest the tide of Time, and all enjoyment must have an end. Tears too often must follow smiles, and Grief shade, with his sullen hue, the face of Happiness. It was an October morning, when Fitz-William, with a look of deep melancholy, told Ellen that he must leave her kind family, for that the season was now far advanced, and he had important business to transact in England.

"And shall we never see you again?" said she, a faint paleness overspreading her cheeks, and her voice faltering with unusual emotion.

"When the spring comes on, dearest Ellen, I shall visit you again in Glen Ulva. If I am in life, depend upon seeing me then."

"You came like sunshine into our family, Mr. Fitz-William, and you warmed all hearts. When you leave us, sorrow will remain behind. But go your way, and we shall wait impatiently for your return. To me every hour shall seem a day, and every day a month, till I see you once more."

"Ellen Mackenzie," said the young man, "is it possible that you take such a concern in one like me—one who never merited a thought in such a bosom as your's?"

"No more," said Ellen; "you saved my life, and that has bound me in the ties of gratitude for ever."

"Oh, Ellen!" replied the stranger, "that I could attach you to myself by other and stronger ties! You do not know my heart."

"But I do know your heart better than you do yourself," observed the maiden with a sigh.

"Ellen Mackenzie, I love you to distraction."

"I know you love me, Fitz-William, and I love you in return. Nay, do not look astonished at my avowal. We women have quick eyes, and soon discover those hearts which are our own. I am not as other girls, or I would be coy, and wooed, forsooth, in bonied language, and I would hold off and pretend indifference to the man who had my affections. Let others do this, but never shall it be done by Ellen Mackenzie. Her affections are pure as the virgin snow, and need not the affectation and trickery of fashion to set them off; and yet, if I were prudent, I would act otherwise; for men, I am told, prize that highest which is hardest won; but I know it is different with you, and that you will value a frank and uncontaminated heart above all others. Neither will you think the less of me for thus seemingly violating the blushing backwardness of my sex, and so openly telling my love. No, Fitz-William; I am as I was born,—a child of Nature, and that did not teach me to be deceitful. How your maids of England would laugh and make merry at my simple tale of love! but the sun of truth shines as brightly on the mountain daisy as on the garden rose,—and so it has been upon your poor Ellen."

He heard her words with mute astonishment. The more the character of this singular girl unfolded itself, he became the more delighted

and amazed. The tone of her mind seemed to him to partake of the essence of a superior nature; and while he loved her with passionate ardour, he felt himself restrained by a sort of awe from indulging in even the most ordinary language of love. She was not one of the creatures of mere fashion, to whom could be poured out the unmeaning nothings of flattery and politeness,—whose hearts are worn away in the routine of dissipated folly, and whose feelings become so blunted by the incense of adulation, that love is a mere by-word, and wealth and interest the only deities to which they bow. Her spirit was formed of more pure materials, and Fitz-William soon saw this, and loved her for it the more. He had been used to the first female society, but he found it passionless and sickly, when contrasted with that of this mountain maiden.

It is needless to repeat the oftentold tale of leave-taking. Such as have undergone the trial of parting with those whom they loved better than life, may form some idea of the trial. The warm pressure of the hand—the tear that steals insensibly from the eye—the final farewell, and the last impassioned look, are engraved on the tablet of memory in characters of undying duration.

For many days the family of Ulva felt deeply the absence of the stranger. Every thing seemed gloomy, and this the slow approach of winter aggravated to a tenfold degree. Each experienced that lassitude, which is felt when any object on which the mind has been accustomed to brood is taken away. Of all others, Ellen felt most sensibly under this change of circumstances. She could no longer tread over the rocks and glens she had so lately traversed with Fitz-William: they were robed in the garments of winter, which now ruled over those solitudes in sad majesty. But time rolled on, and the winter months passed by after a dreary interval. The snows which capped the mountains began to dissolve before the genial breath of

spring. The summits of the highest hills retained, indeed, as yet, their snowy covering, and the broad shoulders of Cairngorm were sheeted with an expansion which would seemingly bid defiance even to the heat of the summer sun. Wreaths of vapour still girdled the mountain around, showing his glittering top like a dome sustained upon clouds. The glens were yet moist in the morning with volumes of mist, which rolled sluggishly through them, and in the evening full of the piercing cold of winter. These, however, were but the relics of the departing season—the echo of his dying voice. Every day his influence was becoming weaker, and the energies of spring reviving the face of Nature.

In proportion as the new season put forth his glories, the family of Ulva resumed its wonted gaiety. Ellen's melancholy wore away, and was succeeded by that beautiful pensiveness, which clung to her in dream-like loveliness, and seemed ingrafted in her very nature. She saw in perspective the glories of the summer months; she saw before her eyes the mountains rising in unruffled majesty, and heard in the fall of evening the voices of birds mingled with the faint murmuring of the winds, and the fall of the distant cascade; and the traditionary lore that floated over every glen rose up in her imagination; and she thought it more interesting than ever, that it would *now* be enjoyed by him at her side on whom she had fixed her youthful heart. And Fitz-William, how would he feel when he came again to those mountains, and beheld them in their native beauty, with one whom he loved so tenderly? These were the thoughts of Ellen, and they came perpetually across her mind, like a strain of sweet music heard afar off.

Such were the anticipations of this young lady, and such the visions of future happiness that floated before her eyes. But human hopes are deceitful. At a distance, they glitter before us in all the loveliness of fan-

cy, but as the tide of time brings us nearer to them, they vanish like empty bubbles, and leave nothing but tears behind.

The family of Ulva had hitherto tasted only of pleasure; now it was doomed to drain the bitter cup of sorrow. The parents of Ellen, and even her sister, from a cause altogether inexplicable to her, lost on a sudden all that gaiety which formerly distinguished them. A gloom hung over each countenance, and when they attempted to hide it by a smile, the inward affliction only became more visible. It was obvious that something preyed upon their minds—something they wished to conceal from her. When she inquired into the cause of this sorrow, their answers were evasive, and unsatisfactory. Her sister would force a smile, and say it was nothing at all; and on questioning her father, he would kiss her, and tenderly desire her not to be too inquisitive. This, however, did not satisfy her. She felt a presentiment that some terrible calamity had befallen the family, but why it was revealed to her sister more than to herself, she could not tell. All efforts to gain information on this subject were in vain. The state of suspense is terrible for any mind, and especially for the ardour and impatience of youth; it preys upon the heart more bitterly than a real misfortune. This awful feeling took possession of Ellen's mind, but it soon gave way to a dreadful certainty. There was now no more talk of Fitz-William: her father ceased to praise his sporting, and Margaret his humour. He was no more spoken of than if he had never been. Conviction flashed upon her, and, frantic with impatience, she rushed to her mother, threw her arms round her neck, and entreated her to say whether he was alive.

"My dear girl, compose yourself," said the afflicted parent; we have many trials in this life, which must be endured."

"He is dead, then!" exclaimed the unfortunate girl, starting back

with horror, and gazing with dreadful intensity upon her mother. She stood for some time as if stupified with grief,—her lips were pale and quivering,—her bosom heaved with emotion,—and she seemed overcome by some terrible inward struggle. Her mother saw this, and clasped her in her arms.

"Oh! my child, let tears come to your relief; do not break your heart by restraining them. You have met with a great misfortune, but there is a God who can heal up every woe." These words melted the heart of the unhappy girl; the fountains of grief burst forth, and she sobbed and wept bitterly.

Ellen never wept after this. Her woe was of that kind which does not exhale in lamentation, and which time refuses to mellow. This is the most overwhelming form of affliction. Where tears, and other outward tokens of sorrow, manifest themselves, the grief will wear away, or if a portion of it still clings to the spirit, it is as a quiet, and not unpleasant remembrance. It is otherwise when the eyes do not weep—when the bosom heaves not, and the voice of affliction is silent. This is the bitterest of all. There is then a misery which baffles consolation: the mind is a desert of barren and sad thoughts; a cloud hangs over it, through which the light of hope does not gleam, and which only becomes darker and drearier by time. And this was her doom. Could tears have burst from those beautiful and melancholy eyes,—could sorrow, instead of preying within, have exhibited some of its outward manifestations, she might have triumphed over the bitterness of misfortune; but her woe was too intense to picture itself forth in these external symbols. It rushed to the heart; it planted there its bitter fruits, which grew and distilled around their baleful canker.

The rest of her existence is a sad picture of a broken heart. When the chords of sensibility are torn asunder, what hand can unite them? So it was with Ellen: the worst fore-

bedings of her mother had at length been confirmed, and she was doomed to perish the victim of affections too cruelly lacerated. On any heart the stroke would have been severe, but on her's it was fatal. Her spirit was shaded with a settled woe, and the balm of consolation, however tenderly applied, failed to sooth it.

In a sequestered part of the glen was the family burying place. It stood in the centre of a small plantation of yew and sycamore trees, and for ages a sort of mysterious awe had been attached to it by the inhabitants. In her walks, Ellen had frequently visited this last abode of her race, and it was always remarked, that after such visitations she was more than usually sad. But this did not make her turn away from the spot: she courted the mild affliction which it diffused; wooing as it were the spirit of melancholy. And now when real misfortune had overtaken her, and her mind was darkened by other woe than that of its own creating, she went there more frequently than ever. The contemplation of this place did not, as formerly, shade with increased sorrow her thoughts. On the contrary, if at any time a flash of joy came across her countenance, it was when she stood alongside of the sepulchre. There was an unearthly interest attached to this strange pilgrimage. In her latter days her beauty did not depart from her. To the eye of feeling, she was indeed lovelier than ever; for though the flush of high health had left her cheeks, and a paleness like that of mortality usurped its place, there was yet an expression of pathos more profound and more affecting than any with which even *her* countenance had ever been graced.

The near glimpse of this last abode, to which she was rapidly hastening, could not afflict her soul; that was incapable of greater affliction; but it strengthened and comforted it, and filled it with divine and consoling ardour. Sometimes she would go alone

to this retired sanctuary; at other times accompanied by her parents or sister, whose skill was employed in vain to wean her away from the spot, and the melancholy associations therewith connected.

Summer coming on, shone brightly over Glen Ulva. The mountains were lit up with their wonted splendour, the birds sung, the foliage waved upon the trees, and the flowers blossomed, and shed their perfumes, as beautifully as ever. But those images of this glorious season were unfelt and unheeded by the family of the Glen. When the mind is clouded with grief, external charms cannot gild its darkness, or give comfort; they only make the inward woe more insupportably bitter. Winter and gloom accord with the broken spirit, which is sickened and profaned in the midst of gaiety. Not one heart of that afflicted house could sympathize with beauties which, under any other circumstances, would have afforded supreme delight. They were painful to the contemplation, and when contrasted with the general sorrow, seemed to render it more ardent, and cast it into deeper shade.

Autumn succeeded, but it brought no change. Ellen still wandered to the "place of tombs;" but her sojournings there were observed to be less frequent, and her step more feeble. Her countenance was also, if possible, paler, and of an unearthly expression; and the marks of weakness and decay stamped themselves visibly upon her elegant and graceful form. This distressing spectacle did not long continue. Before one half of the season had passed away, a funeral procession, preceded by the mournful coronach, was seen to approach the romantic burying-ground. The proprietor of Glen Ulva was chief mourner; and when the coffin was covered over, there was heard the wailings of women and children, and there were seen tears in the eyes of men, shewing that they had lost from among them one much beloved.

THE GUILLOTINE; OR, THE EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

OF all countries, ancient or modern, France has produced the greatest number of illustrious women. There, the female sex rules with resistless sway, and there, more palpably than any where else, has it left the stamp of its powers upon society. From the times of Clovis down to the present day, we notice a succession of distinguished women. The State, in some instances, has been indebted to their valour for its preservation, as in the case of Joan of Arc. In others, we have a Maintenon, a Ninon, and a Pompadour, guiding the helm of government according to their wills, and ruling, by the united influence of beauty and talent, over monarchy itself. Then appears a de Stael, exalting the sex by powers of intellect, which might well excite the admiration and the envy of man, and rearing up monuments of genius which will hand down her name to the latest time.

Women, and above all, French women, are more distinguished, in general, by gaiety and sprightliness, than by other more energetic qualities; but, not unfrequently, these qualifications are blended with others of a grander character; and while the exterior is buoyant and airy, a heart lies within endowed with more than Roman virtue and Roman courage.

The Revolution, so pregnant with human suffering, furnished many such examples. In that awful convulsion, no age, or rank, or sex, was spared. Virtue and vice perished together. Royalty met the fate of its meanest subject. Wisdom and folly, science and ignorance, prince, and priest and peasant, were blended in the same destruction. The scaffold which shed the blood of Louis and his queen, and sister, was also glutted with that of Lavoisier and Robespierre;—the one the amiable disciple of philosophy; the other, the demon of cruelty and discord.

Madame Rolland, wife of the virtuous Minister of the Interior, and authoress of those incomparable political documents which bear his name, was one of those whose fate excited the most lively interest; not so much from her rank as from her personal character, her exalted talents, and the memorable circumstances which attended her death. The words of this high-minded lady to the judges who condemned her, are deserving of notice:—"You do me then the honour of bestowing upon me the same treatment as upon those great men whom you have assassinated, and of sending me to enjoy their companionship forever."

In prison, she showed the most perfect indifference to her fate. There was one victim (a man) who was her companion in misfortune. He was sadly broken down in spirit at the doom which awaited him; but when they were carried together to the place of execution, she consoled him tenderly, employing every effort to revive his courage. In those cases where more than one were to be executed together, it was deemed a favour to be guillotined first. The noise of the falling axe, the head tumbling from the trunk, and the blood flowing in streams around, were dreadful to the imaginations of those who came after. Being a woman, she had the precedence, but she proposed to her poor fellow-sufferer that it should be taken by him. "It will, at least," said she, "save you the pain of seeing my blood flow." On arriving at the scaffold, she entreated this last favour of the executioner. He refused, alleging that his orders prevented him from complying. "You will not surely deny a lady her last request?" said she, with a smile. "Come, my good friend, grant me this small boon." The man relented, and her companion was first disposed of. Her appearance is described as being noble

and interesting. She was dressed in white, and her whole demeanour was full of calmness and dignity. When her head was placed upon the block, and before the weapon of death came down, she raised it towards the statue of liberty, which was placed opposite the guillotine. "Ah! Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" These were her last words. Another moment, and this noble spirit was removed from the earth. Her husband was horror-struck at her death, and died shortly afterwards, broken-hearted.

But noble and becoming as was the death of Madame Rolland, it yields in interest to that of the beautiful and heroic Charlotte Corday. Greece or Rome, in their most devoted times, never produced a finer instance of patriotism or intrepidity; and Brutus and Thrasylulus, with their glory around them, can hardly claim a higher rank among the liberators of mankind than this young heroine. She lived in the town of Caen in Normandy, one of the provinces of France, and appeared in the hottest period of the Revolution, when Marat, the infamous friend of Robespierre, was on his pinnacle of power. This man, a native of Geneva, was originally of low origin, having been at one period of his life a hawker of toys about the streets of Paris. He afterwards became editor of a revolutionary journal; and at length, by dint of talent and finesse, was appointed a Deputy to the French Convention. Here he distinguished himself by that sort of eloquence which takes among the vulgar, and still more by the ferocious nature of his propositions, which made him noted for cruelty, even in this sanguinary assembly. His deeds it were vain to relate. They realized all that fiction has told us in its wildest tales, and more than realized the barbarities attributed by history to Antiochus and the worst of the Roman Emperors. Suffice it to say, they aroused the spirit of Charlotte Corday; and with a perfect conviction of the consequences

of such an attempt, she formed the vast design of ridding her country of one whom she considered its bitterest foe.

For this purpose, she came to Paris, and on the morning of the 12th of July, 1793, wrote to Marat, informing him, that she had matters of the deepest importance to communicate, and requesting an immediate audience. To this no answer was returned; and she again addressed to him a note in the following words:—"Have you received my letter? If you have received it, I rest on your politeness. It is enough that I am unfortunate, to claim your attention." This was on the 13th of the month, and on the evening of the same day she was admitted into his presence. He had just stepped out of the bath, and was only half clothed, when Charlotte was announced. She would have retired an instant till he had finished his toilet, but he ordered her straightway to enter his apartment.

"What do you wish with me?" were his first words, as he cast his lascivious eyes on the beautiful girl, who stood undauntedly before him. "I demand justice," was her reply. "I come to plead the cause of the unfortunate Deputies who have taken refuge at Caen." She held a scroll in her hand: it professed to be their petition, and Marat took it from her and glanced it over. It was never known how this petition came into Charlotte's possession. It has been alleged that one of the unhappy Deputies was her lover, and that he intrusted it to her hands for the purpose of being delivered to the tyrant. It has also been conjectured, that if he had granted its prayer, and extended mercy to these persecuted men, she might for the time have waved her fatal purpose. Another and a more probable opinion is, that it was framed by herself, to serve as an excuse for intruding upon Marat, and enabling her more easily to carry her scheme into execution. Be that as it may, it produced no effect upon his savage heart. He read it with a

sneer. "Young woman," said he, "you have come upon a useless errand. The fate of these men is sealed. I have already given orders for their apprehension. Their deaths will soon follow." "Villain!" cried Charlotte; and drawing a poignard from her bosom, she plunged it into the heart of the monster. He reeled backwards, and fell upon a couch. His only words were, "Traïtress, you have murdered me—seize her—seize her!" She gave him but one look of disdain and horror, and dashing down the bloody weapon, strode with fearless grandeur out of the room.

She went home leisurely, nor made the slightest attempt to escape. Her mind had been made up as to the result of the dreadful tragedy she had just acted. Meanwhile, the report that Marat was killed spread like wildfire over Paris. A sort of dreadful anxiety and suspense pervaded this vast metropolis. Vice trembled at the loss of its most terrific minister, while all the nobler and more heroic passions were wrought into ecstasy, at the reported destruction of one of the most execrable wretches that ever disgraced humanity.

Charlotte was apprehended, but she exhibited no sign of fear; and when told that death would assuredly follow the deed she had committed, she heard it with the most sovereign contempt. On being brought before the tribunal, and questioned as to her motives for killing Marat, she showed the same unshaken firmness. She defended the deed on the grounds of justice and necessity. Marat, though not tried and condemned by an official tribunal, was already looked upon by his country as a criminal deserving of death. She only did that which the laws ought to have done, and which future times would applaud her for doing. "I slew him," continued she, "because he was the oppressor of my country—I slew him, that France might have rest from his cruelties—I slew him, to save the lives of thou-

sands who would have perished by his decrees; and my sole regret is, that I did not sooner rid the earth of such a monster."

She heard the sentence of death passed upon her with an unconcern which would have done honour to stoicism itself. For a short time she conversed with her counsel and some of her friends, and rising up, walked quietly away to the prison. During the interval between her condemnation and death, she wrote three letters. Two of these were to her friend Barbaroux, relating her adventures from the time of her quitting Caen. The third, to her father, was couched in the most solemn and affectionate strain, and concluded with the celebrated line of Corneille:

"C'est le crime qui fait la honte,
et non pas l'échafaud."

"'Tis crime which brings disgrace,
and not the scaffold."

The front of the Tuilleries was the place selected for her execution. A multitude of people had assembled to witness the ceremony; among others were crowds of barbarous women, who drew together for the express purpose of insulting her last moments. However, when she came forth from the prison, she appeared so lovely and interesting, that their base purpose was laid instantly aside, and not a voice was raised against her. She was elegantly dressed, and appeared smiling upon the scaffold; her dark and beautiful locks waving gracefully over her shoulders. When the executioner removed the kerchief which covered her neck and bosom, she blushed deeply, and when her head was held up after death, it was observed that the face still retained this mark of offended modesty. A deep feeling was produced among the spectators, all accustomed as they were to such scenes; and when the fatal axe descended, there was a shudder, which showed that the death of this young heroine excited admiration and pity more than any thing else. By an emotion of generous respect, almost all the men un-

covered themselves; those of her own sex who came to revile her, stood mute and abashed. Many of both sexes were observed to weep; and when the crowd separated, it was with a melancholy which proved that, even at this dreadful period, the kinder affections were not unsusceptible of emotion.

When on her way to the scaffold, a circumstance occurred, which, from its romantic nature, well deserves to be mentioned:—A young man named Adan Lux, a commissary from Mayence, was at this moment accidentally passing. He saw her, and in an instant fell in love with her. His heart became so overpowered with this strange affection, that, from loving her, he came at length to love the guillotine—regarding it as a sacred altar, at which the blood of royalty, and beauty, and virtue, was offered up. He immediately published a pamphlet upon the occasion—proposed to erect a monument to her memory with the inscription, “Greater than Brutus,” engraved upon it—and in a sort of phrenzied enthusiasm invoked her shade from the Elysian fields, where it dwelt with those of the illustrious victims of the Revolution. This brought him the doom to which he aspired. He was thrown into the prison of La Force, and afterwards executed. During confinement, his whole talk was of the heroic object of his affections.

Such was the fate of Charlotte Corday—an honour to human nature—and above all, an ornament and an honour to the sex of woman. Had she lived in ancient times, statues and columns would have been erected to her memory; her name would have lived recorded in the annals of time, and she would have stood in the foremost rank of patriots. It was the influence of a lofty and romantic feeling which led her on to the commission of that crime which will immortalize her. Woman is the child of feeling. From this source spring up all her good and bad qual-

ities. It is seldom ambition or policy which leads her on to any enterprise: it is the passions. It is jealousy, or love, or revenge, or pity, which are the stirring spirits of all her deeds. “Why else,” to use the language of a modern French writer, “is she sometimes that atrocious Cleopatra, presenting a poisoned cup to her rival and her son,—sometimes that sacrilegious Amelia, who wished to immolate her benefactor,—or the haughty Roxana, ready to deliver to the dagger of an assassin the heart of Bajazet, because insensible to her charms? Sanguinary and implacable in revenge, she pushes cruelly even to rage, for the same reason that she carries virtue to the most sublime excess! She is Alcesta, dying for her spouse! She is an Indian, throwing herself on the funeral pile which consumes her husband! She is a Lacedemonian, sacrificing her son, shamefully escaped from a defeat! She is Eponini, devoting herself with Sabinus to the long horrors of misery and exile! She is Arria, showing to Pætus the honour of a virtuous death! She again appears in the character of those magnanimous French women, who accompanied in the proscription, in dungeons and punishments, their parents, their sons, and their husbands, through the midst of our Revolutionary torments.”* And it was under the influence of such feelings that Charlotte Corday performed *that act*, which virtuous and generous minds, so far from considering a crime, will look upon as one of the most heroic deeds of recorded history.

One of the first acts of the French, after the death of Marat, was to give him a sumptuous funeral. For this purpose, a vast sum of money was raised by public subscription, and his body, followed by crowds of political adorers, was carried to the Pantheon. There it lay in state for many days. The coffin was allowed to remain open, and the body of the regicide was exposed to the view of

countless multitudes who thronged to see it. It was at this time the hottest season of the year, and the face of the corpse having become black by the process of decay, it was whitewashed, the better to preserve it in a condition to be seen, till the day of interment arrived. He was at last buried in a place allotted for sages and heroes, regarded by his friends as a martyr for liberty, and by all good men as one of the worst characters who has appeared in modern times,

But mark the changes of human opinion! This man, who was interred so sumptuously—this man, whose reputation among the Revolutionists stood so high, was at last denied a grave. His superb coffin was torn from the vault in which it had been placed, and broken in pieces; while his carcase, dragged from it by the mob, was thrown like carrion into one of the public sewers which runs into the Seine. His memory has met with a fate even worse than his body, and will be accursed to the latest posterity.

REMINISCENCES OF JUKE JUDKINS, ESQ. OF BIRMINGHAM.

I AM the only son of a considerable brazier in Birmingham, who dying in 1803, left me successor to the business, with no other incumbency than a sort of rent-charge, which I am enjoined to pay out of it, of ninety-three pounds sterling *per annum* to his widow, my mother; and which the improving state of the concern, I bless God, has hitherto enable me to discharge with punctuality. (I say, I am enjoined to pay the said sum, but not strictly obligated; that is to say, as the will is worded, I believe the law would relieve me from the payment of it; but the wishes of a dying parent should in some sort have the effect of law.) So that though the annual profits of my business, on an average of the last three or four years, would appear to an indifferent observer, who should inspect my shop-books, to amount to the sum of one thousand three hundred and three pounds, odd shillings, the real proceeds in that time have fallen short of that sum to the amount of the aforesaid payment of ninety-three pounds sterling annually.

I was always my father's favourite. He took a delight to the very last in recounting the little sagacious tricks, and innocent artifices, of my childhood. One manifestation thereof I never heard him repeat without tears of joy trickling down his cheeks. It

seems that when I quitted the parental roof (August 27th, 1788,) being then six years and not quite a month old, to proceed to the Free School at Warwick, where my father was a sort of trustee, my mother—as mothers are usually provident on these occasions—had stuffed the pockets of the coach, which was to convey me and six more children of my own growth, that were going to be entered along with me at the same seminary, with a prodigious quantity of gingerbread, which I remember my father said was more than was needed; and so indeed it was, for if I had been to eat it all myself, it would have got stale and mouldy before it had been half spent. The consideration whereof set me upon my contrivances how I might secure to myself as much of the gingerbread as would keep good for the next two or three days, and yet none of the rest in a manner be wasted. I had a little pair of pocket compasses which I usually carried about me for the purpose of making draughts and measurements, at which I was always very ingenious, of the various engines and mechanical inventions, in which such a town as Birmingham abounded. By the means of these, and a small penknife, which my father had given me, I cut out the one half of the cake, calculating that the remainder would reasonably serve my turn,

and subdividing it into many little slices, which were curious to see for the neatness and niceness of their proportion, I sold it out in so many pennyworths to my young companions, as served us all the way to Warwick, which was a distance of some twenty miles from this town; and very merry, I assure you, we made ourselves with it, feasting all the way. By this honest stratagem I put double the prime cost of the gingerbread into my purse, and secured as much as I thought would keep good and moist for my next two or three days eating. When I told this to my parents on their first visit to me at Warwick, my father (good man) patted me on the cheek, and stroked my head, and seemed as if he could never make enough of me; but my mother unaccountably burst into tears, and said "it was a very niggardly action," or some such expression, and that "she would rather it would please God to take me,"—meaning God help me, that I should die—"than that she should live to see me grow up a *mean man*"—which shows the difference of parent from parent, and how some mothers are more harsh and intolerant to their children than some fathers; when we might expect quite the contrary. My father, however, loaded me with presents from that time, which made me the envy of my schoolfellows. As I felt this growing disposition in them, I naturally sought to avert it by all the means in my power; and from that time I used to eat my little packages of fruit and other nice things, in a corner so privately, that I was never found out. Once, I remember, I had a huge apple sent me, of that sort which they call *cats' heads*. I concealed this all day under my pillow; and at night, but not before I had ascertained that my bedfellow was sound asleep, which I did by pinching him rather smartly two or three times, which he seemed to perceive no more than a dead person, though once or twice he made a motion as if he would turn, which frightened me—*I say when I had made all sure, I*

fell to work upon my apple; and though it was as big as an ordinary man's two fists, I made shift to get through it before it was time to get up; and a more delicious feast I never made,—thinking all night what a good parent I had (I mean my father) to send me so many nice things, when the poor lad that lay by me had no parent or friend in the world to send him any thing nice; and thinking of his desolate condition, I munched and munched as silently as I could, that I might not set him a longing if he overheard me: and yet for all this considerateness, and attention to other people's feelings, I was never much a favourite with my schoolfellows, which I have often wondered at, seeing that I never defrauded any one of them of the value of a halfpenny, or told stories of them to their master, as some little lying boys would do; but was ready to do any of them all the services in my power, that were consistent with my own well doing. I think nobody can be expected to go further than that. But I am detaining my reader too long in the recording of my juvenile days. It is time that I should go forward to a season when it became natural that I should have some thoughts of marrying, and, as they say, settling in the world. Nevertheless my reflections on what I may call the boyish period of my life may have their use to some readers. It is pleasant to trace the man in the boy; to observe shoots of generosity in those young years, and to watch the progress of liberal sentiments; and what I may call a genteel way of thinking, which is discernible in some children at a very early age, and usually lays the foundation of all that is praiseworthy in the manly character afterwards.

With the warmest inclinations towards that way of life, and a serious conviction of its superior advantages over a single one, it has been the strange infelicity of my lot, never to have entered into the respectable estate of matrimony. Yet I was once very near it. I courted a young

woman in my twenty-seventh year—for so early I began to feel symptoms of the tender passion! She was well to do in the world, as they call it; but yet not such a fortune as, all things considered, perhaps I might have pretended to. It was not my own choice altogether; but my mother very strongly pressed me to it. She was always putting it to me, that “I had comings in sufficient, that I need not stand upon a portion.” Though the young woman, to do her justice, had considerable expectations, which yet did not quite come up to my mark, as I told you before. She had this saying always in her mouth, that “I had money enough, that it was time I enlarged my house-keeping, and to show a spirit befitting my circumstances.” In short, what with her importunities, and my own desires in *part* co-operating—for, as I said, I was not yet quite twenty-seven—a time when the youthful feelings may be pardoned, if they show a little impetuosity—I resolved, I say, upon all these considerations, to set about the business of courting in right earnest. I was a young man then; and having a spice of romance in my character, (as the reader has observed doubtless long ago,) such as that sex is apt to be taken with, I had reason in no long time to think my addresses were anything but disagreeable.

Certainly the happiest part of a young man's life is the time when he is going a courting. All the generous impulses are then awake, and he feels a double existence in participating his hopes and wishes with another being. Return yet again for a brief moment, ye visionary views—transient enchantments! ye moonlight rambles with Cleora in the Silent Walk at Vauxhall—(N. B. about a mile from Birmingham, and resembling the gardens of that name near London, only that the price of admission is lower)—when the nightingale has suspended her notes in June to listen to our loving discourses, while the moon was overhead (for we generally used to take our tea at

Cleora's mother's, before we set out, not so much to save expenses, as to avoid the publicity of a repast in the gardens, coming in much about the time of half-price, as they call it)—ye soft intercommunications of soul, when exchanging mutual vows we prattled of coming felicities! The loving disputes we have had under those trees, when this house (planning our future settlement) was rejected, because though cheap it was dull; and the other house was given up, because though agreeably situated it was too high-rented—one was too much in the heart of the town, another was too far from business. These minutiae will seem impertinent to the aged and the prudent. I write them only to the young. Young lovers, and passionate as being young (such were Cleora and I then) alone can understand me. After some weeks wasted, as I may now call it, in this sort of amorous colloquy, we at length fixed upon the house in the High-street, No. 203, just vacated by the death of Mr. Hutton, of this town, for our future residence. I had till that time lived in lodgings (only renting a shop for business) to be near to my mother; near I say, not in the same house with her, for that would have been to introduce confusion into our house-keeping, which it was desirable to keep separate. O, the loving wrangles, the endearing differences, I had with Cleora, before we could quite make up our minds to the house that was to receive us—I pretending for argument sake that the rent was too high, and she insisting that the taxes were moderate in proportion; and love at last reconciling us in the same choice. I think at that time, moderately speaking, she might have had any thing out of me for asking. I do not, nor shall ever regret, that my character at that time was marked with a tinge of prodigality. Age comes fast enough upon us, and in its good time will prune away all that is inconvenient in these excesses. Perhaps it is right that it should do so. Matters, as I said, were ripening to

a conclusion between us, only the house was yet not absolutely taken—some necessary arrangements, which the ardour of my youthful impetuosity could hardly brook at that time (love and youth will be precipitate)—some preliminary arrangements, I say, with the landlord respecting fixtures—very necessary things to be considered in a young man about to settle in the world, though not very accordant with the impatient state of my then passions—some obstacles about the valuation of the fixtures, had hitherto precluded (and I shall always think providentially) my final closes with his offer, when one of those accidents, which, unimportant in themselves, often arise to give a turn to the most serious intentions of our life, intervened, and put an end at once to my projects of wiving and of housekeeping. I was never much given to theatrical entertainments; that is, at no time of my life was I ever what they call a regular play-goer; but on some occasion of a benefit-night, which was expected to be very productive, and indeed turned out so, Cleora expressing a desire to be present, I could do no less than offer, as I did very willingly, to 'squire her and her mother to the pit. At that time it was not customary in our town for tradesfolk, except some of the very topping ones, to sit as they now do in the boxes. At the time appointed I waited upon the ladies, who had brought with them a young man, a distant relation, whom it seems they had invited to be one of the party. This a little disconcerted me, as I had about me barely silver enough to pay for our three selves at the door, and did not at first know that their relation had proposed paying for himself. However, to do the young man justice, he not only paid for himself, but for the old lady besides, leaving me only to pay for two, as it were. In our passage to the theatre, the notice of Cleora was attracted to some orange wenches that stood about the doors vending their commodities. She was leaning on my arm, and I could feel her every

now and then giving me a nudge, as it is called, which I afterwards discovered were hints that I should buy some oranges. It seems it is a custom at Birmingham, and perhaps in other places, when a gentleman treats ladies to the play,—especially when a full night is expected, and that the house will be inconveniently warm, to provide them with this kind of fruit, oranges being esteemed for their cooling property. But how could I guess at that, never having treated ladies to a play before, and being, as I said, quite a novice at these kind of entertainments? At last she spoke plain out, and begged that I would buy some of "those oranges," pointing to a particular barrow. But when I came to examine the fruit, I did not think that the quality of it was answerable to the price. In this way I handled several baskets of them, but something in them all displeased me. Some had thin rinds, and some were plainly over ripe, which is as great a fault as not being ripe enough, and I could not (what they call) make a bargain. While I stood haggling with the women, secretly determining to put off my purchase till I should get within the theatre, where I expected we should have better choice, the young man, the cousin, who it seems had left us without my missing him, came running to us with his pockets stuffed out with oranges, inside and out, as they say. It seems, not liking the look of the barrow-fruit, any more than myself, he had slipped away to an eminent fruiterer's about three doors distant, which I never had the sense to think of, and had laid out a matter of two shillings in some of the best St. Michael's I think, I ever tasted. What a little hinge, as I said before, the most important affairs of life may turn upon! The mere inadvertence to the fact that there was an eminent fruiterer's within three doors of us, though we had just passed it without the thought once occurring to me, which he had taken advantage of, lost me the affections of my Cleora. From that time she visibly cooled towards me, and

her partiality was as visibly transferred to this cousin. I was long unable to account for this change in her behaviour, when one day accidentally discoursing of oranges to my mother alone, she let drop a sort of reproach to me, as if I had offended Cleora by my *nearness*, as she called it, that evening. Even now, when Cleora has been wedded some years to that same officious relation, as I may call him, I can hardly be persuaded that such a trifle could have been the motive to her inconstancy; for could

she suppose that I would sacrifice my dearest hopes in her to the paltry sum of two shillings, when I was going to treat her to the play, and her mother too (an expense of more than four times that amount,) if the young man had not interfered to pay for the latter, as I mentioned? But the caprices of the sex are past finding out; and I begin to think my mother was in the right; for doubtless women know women better than we can pretend to know them.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN LIFE.

A BALLAD.

I STOOD by the towers of Ardenveile,
And the bells rang out a jocund peal,
Loudly and merrily rang they then,
O'er field, and valley, and sylvan glen;
And each cheek look'd bright as the blush of morn,
And each voice sounded gay as the forester's horn,
And each heart was glad, for an heiress was born.

I stood by those time-worn towers again,
And prancing forth came a gallant train;
There was the priest in his robes of white,
And there was a maiden lovely and bright,
And a gallant knight rode by her side;
And the shouts of joy sounded far and wide,
For the heiress was Rudolph de Courcy's bride.

And again by those portals proud did I stand,
And again came forth a gallant band,
And I saw that same priest; but sad was his face,
And I saw that same knight, but he shrouded his face,
And I saw not that maiden in beauty's bloom,
But a shroud, and a bier, and a sable plume,
For the heiress was borne to her forefathers' tomb.

And such is human life at best,
A mother's—a lover's—the green earth's breast;
A wreath that is formed of flow'rets three,
Primrose, and myrtle, and rosemary;
A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave,
A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave,
The cradle, the bridal bed, and the grave.

LLYN-Y-DREIDDIAD-VRAWD,

OR, THE POOL OF THE DIVING FRIAR.

GWESWYNWYN withdrew from the feasts of his hall:
He slept very little, he pray'd not at all;
He ponder'd, and wander'd, and studied alone,
And ceaselessly sought the philosopher's stone.

He found it at length, and he made its first proof
By turning to gold all the lead of his roof:
Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all fire,
Who lived but to smite and be smitten for hire.

With these on the plains like a torrent he broke :
He fill'd the whole country with flame and with smoke :
He kill'd all the swine, and he brosch'd all the wine :
He drove off the sheep, and the heeves, and the kine—

He took castles and towns : he cut short limbs and lives ;
He made orphans and widows of children and wives :
This course many years he triumphantly ran,
And did mischief enough to be called a great man.

When at last he had gained all for which he had striven,
He bethought him of buying a passport to heaven ;
Good and great as he was, yet he did not well know,
How soon, or which way, his great spirit might go.

He sought the gray friars, who, beside a wild stream,
Refected their frames on a primitive scheme :
The gravest and wisest, Gwenwynwyn found out,
All lonely and ghostly, and angling for trout.

Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,
Where a pool of the stream a deep resting-place made,
And rock-rooted oaks stretch'd their branches on high,
The friar stood musing, and throwing his fly.

To him said Gwenwynwyn :—" Hold, father : here's store,
For the good of the church, and the good of the poor :"
Then he gave him the stone : but, ere more he could speak,
Wrath came on the friar, so holy and meek :

He had stretch'd forth his hand to receive the red gold,
And he thought himself mock'd by Gwenwynwyn the Bold :
And in scorn of the gift, and in rage at the giver,
He jerk'd it immediately into the river.

Gwenwynwyn, aghast, not a syllable spake ;
The philosopher's stone made a duck and a drake :
Two systems of circles a moment were seen,
And the stream smooth'd them off, as they never had been,

Gwenwynwyn regain'd, and uplifted, his voice :—
" Oh, friar, gray friar, full rash was thy choice :
The stone, the good stone, which away thou hast thrown,
Was the stone of all stones, the philosopher's stone !"

The friar look'd pale, when his error he knew ;
The friar look'd red, and the friar look'd blue ;
And heels ever head, from the point of a rock,
He plung'd, without stopping to pull off his frock.

He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain,
The prize he had slighted he found not again :
Many times did the friar his diving renew,
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,
To see the gray friar a diver so stout :
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,
And left the friar diving, like dabchick distraught.

Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,
Died, and went to the devil, the very same night :
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay
Sack'd his castle, and march'd with the plunder away.

No knell on the silence of midnight was roll'd,
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the Bold :
The brethren, unsee'd, let the mighty ghost pass,
Without praying a prayer, or intoning a mass.

The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream :
The philosopher's stone was his thought and his dream :
And day after day, ever head under heels,
He dived all the time he could spare from his meals.

He dived, and he dived, to the end of his days,
As the peasants oft witnessed with fear and amaze;
The mad friar's diving-place long was their theme,
And no plummet can fathom that pool of the stream.

And still, when light clouds on the midnight winds ride,
If by moonlight you stray on the lone river-side,
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,
With head in the water, and heels in the air.

MEG DODS'S COOKERY.*

MOST reviews of Cookery books that have fallen under our observation, have been so extremely witty, that it was not possible for us, who love facetiæ, to attend to the instruction conveyed along with the amusement; and, consequently, we are at this hour ignorant of the leading principles of several Systems, which it is the duty of every head of a house to understand. Now, in our opinion, cookery is by much too serious a subject for joking; and, therefore, in this our short critique, we shall cautiously refrain from all sallies of imagination, and solemnly dedicate ourselves to the cause of science and truth.

Be it known, then, to all men by these presents, that this is a work worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Hunter, Glasse, Rundell, and Kitchener. We are confident that the Doctor will be delighted with it, and if any purchaser is known to give a bad dinner, after it has been a fortnight in his possession, the case may be given up as hopeless. The individual who has ingeniously personated Meg Dods, is evidently no ordinary writer, and the book is really most excellent miscellaneous reading. There has been a good deal of affectation of humour in some culinary authors,—too much seasoning and spicery,—unnecessarily ornate garnishing of dishes that in their own native loveliness are, “when undorned, adorned the most.” But

here we have twenty or thirty grave, sober, instructive, business-like pages, right on end, without one particle of wit whatever; then come as many more sprinkled with facetiæ—and then half a dozen of broad mirth and merriment. This alternation of grave and gay is exceedingly agreeable—something in the style of Blackwood's Magazine. But at the same time we are bound to say, in justice to Mrs. Dods, that the “Housekeeper's Manual” is entirely free from that personality which too frequently disgraces that celebrated work.

Mrs. Dods prefaces her work by directions for carving, most of which are, we think, judicious, although, perhaps, they smack somewhat too much of the old school. A hint is thrown out, that the rudiments of the art should be taught practically in childhood, “on plain joints and cold things,” that in after-life “provisions may not be haggled.” Mrs. Dods believes that although there are awkward grown-up persons, having, as the French say, *two left hands*, whom no labour will ever make dexterous carvers, yet that there is no difficulty in the art, which most young learners, if early initiated under the eyes of their friends, might not easily surmount. We believe this view of human nature to be just. Young persons of both sexes, of the most humble talents, provided they have ten fingers, (five on each hand,) may certainly be made fair carvers—and we

* The Cook and Housewife's Manual; containing the most Approved Modern Receipts for making Soups, Gravies, Sauces, Ragouts, and Made-Dishes; and for Pies, Puddings, Pastry, Pickles and Preserves: also for Baking, Brewing, making home-made Wines, Cordials, &c.; the whole illustrated by numerous Notes, and Practical Observations, on all the various branches of Domestic Economy. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.

have ourselves known not a few instances of boys, who were absolute dolts at the art, becoming men distinguished at the foot of the table.

The "carver's maxim" (which our readers may drink this afternoon in a bumper) is, according to Mrs. Dods, "to deal small and serve all." No doubt at large parties it is so; and that is the fatal objection to large parties. Ten hungry men eye a small jigot "o' the black-faced" with mixed pleasure and pain, when they all know that they must be helped according to the "carver's maxim." The best friends, so relatively placed, begin to dislike each other, and the angry wonder with them all is, why so many people of different characters and professions, perhaps countries, should agree in eating mutton? Therefore we love a *partie quarre*. No dish—unless absurdly small indeed—of which each of Us Four may not have a satisfactory portion. The "carver's maxim" is forgotten, or remembered only with a smile, and at such a board alone can liberty and equality at each side of the square preside.

At a large party, we hold that it is a physical impossibility to get any thing to eat. Eating does not consist in putting cold, greasy, animal food into your mouth. That, we repeat, is not eating. Eating consists in putting into your mouth (chewing, swallowing, &c. of course,) warm juicy, thinnish or thickish, fat or lean, morsels of animal food, precisely at the nick of time. A minute too soon or five minutes too late, and you may cram, but to eat is impossible. What can one waiter do among so many? And if you have six waiters, what then? Confusion worse confounded. You see a great hulking fellow, perhaps with the ties of his neckcloth a yard long, powdered highly, and in a pawnbroker's coat, carrying off *your* plate to a greedy Whig on the opposite side of the table, who devours the Pope's Eye before your face, in all the bitterness of party-spirit. A sturdy, squat, broad shouldered, red-headed scoundrel serves you the same

trick, with an insolent leer, in favor of a Tory, a man of the same political principles with yourself, a member of the Pitt Club, and an occasional minor writer in Blackwood, who makes a show of sending the rich-freighted trencher round to you, its lawful owner, but, at the same moment, lets drop into the dark-hued gravy a splash of yellow beaten turnips, destined to his own maw. A grave-looking man, like a minister, comes solemnly behind your chair, and stretching forward a plate, which you doubt not is to make you happy at last, asks, in solemn accents, for a well-browned potatoe, and then lodges the deposit in the hands of mine host's accommodating banker. A spruce, dapper, little tarrier, who, during forenoons, officiates as a barber, absolutely lifts up, with irresistible dexterity, your plate the moment after he has put it down before you, and making apology for the mistake, carries it off to a red-faced woman of a certain age, who calls for bread with the lungs of a Stentor. Then will an aged man, with a bald head, blind and deaf as a dog in his teens, but still employed at good men's feasts on account of character, which saving almost constant drunkenness, is unexceptionable, totter past with your plate, supported against his breast with feeble fingers; and unawakenable by the roar of cannon, in spite of all your vociferation, he delivers up the largest prize in the lottery to a lout whom you hope, on no distant day, to see hanged. By this time anger has quelled appetite,—and when by some miraculous interposition of providence in your favour, you find yourself in possession of the fee-simple of a slice of mutton at last, it is a short, round, thick squab of a piece, at once fat and bloody, inspiring deep and permanent disgust, and sickening you into aversion to the whole dinner.

When the party is large, therefore, adopt the following advice, and you may be far from unhappy, although one of twenty-four. Look out for a dish neither illustrious nor obscure—

a dish of unpretending modest merit, which may be overlooked by the greedy multitude, and which the man of judgment can alone descry—a dish of decent dimensions, and finding, although not seeking, concealment under the dazzle of the epergne—a dish rather broad than high—a dish which thus but one of many, and in its unambitious humbleness almost lost in the crowd, might nevertheless be in its single self a dinner to a man and his wife at the guestless board—select we say, such a dish—if such a dish there be—and draw in your chair quietly opposite to it, however ugly may be the women on either side of you, yea even if the lady of the house insist on your sitting higher up the table. Be absolute and determined—your legs are under the mahogany—rise not—pay a compliment to the fearsome dear on your right hand, and to the no less alarming spinster on the left—and, without any thoughts of soup or fish, help yourself plentifully, but carelessly, to your own chosen dish, and *Da Capo*. Don't betray yourself by any overheard demonstrations of delight, but, if possible, eat with an air of indifference and non-chalance. Lay down your knife and fork now and then, if you can bring your mind to submit to a moment's delay, and look about you with a smile, as if dedicated to agreeable conversation, badinage, and repartee. Should any one suspect your doings, and ask what is that dish before you, shake your head, and make a face, putting your hand at the same time to your stomach, and then, with a mischievous eye, offering to send some of the nameless stew. All this time there are people at the table who have not had a morsel, and whom you see crumbling down their bread to appease the cravings of hunger. You have laid a famous foundation for any superstructure you may be pleased at your leisure to erect—have drank wine with both fair supporters—and Peebles ale with the Baillie—are in a mood to say witty things, and say them accordingly—and in the gladness of your

heart, offer to carve a sinewy old fowl, safely situated two covers off, and who, when taken in hand by the gentleman to whom he of right belongs, will be found to be a tougher job than the dismemberment of Poland.

Contrive it so that you are done, on solemn entrance of the goose. Catch mine host's eye at that critical moment, and you secure the first hot slice, while the apple-sauce seems absolutely to simmer. Do not scruple to say, that you have been waiting for the goose, for by that egregious lie you will get double commons. Public attention, too, being thus directed to the waiter who holds your plate, he must deliver it safe up into your hands, and all attempts to interrupt it in its progress prove abortive. Having thus the start in goose, you come in early for macaroni—tarts and puddings—and as we suppose you to have a steady, not a voracious appetite, why, after cheese, which like hope comes to all, we really see no reason to doubt your having made a very tolerable dinner.

But perhaps you have got yourself so entangled in the drawing-room with a woman with a long train and a bunch of blue feathers, that you cannot choose your position, and are forced to sit down before a ham. An argument arises whether it be Westmoreland, Dumfries-shire, or Westphalia, and every person present expresses a determination to bring the point to the decision of the palate. Instantly avow, with a face of blushing confusion, that you would not attempt to haggle such a ham for worlds—that in early life you were little accustomed to carving, having lived with a minister of small stipend and low board, who on meat days always cut up the hough himself, so that he had never sent out an even tolerable carver from the manse. If that sort of excuse won't do, down with the middle finger of your right hand, and holding it out piteously, exhibit the effect of temporary cramp or permanent rheumatism. Should neither expedient occur or be plausi-

Me, then on with a determined countenance, a bold eye, and a gruff voice, and declare that you took an oath, many years ago, "never to help a ham," which you have religiously kept through good report and bad report, and which it would be, indeed, most culpable weakness in you to break, now that your raven locks are beginning to be silvered with the insidious grey. Then tell the waiter who is like a minister, to take the ham to Mr. Drysdale, or Mr. Dempster, two of the best carvers in existence, for that it does a man's heart good to see the dexterity with which they distribute at the festive board. You thus avoid an evil under which many a better man has sunk, and can turn unshackled to serious eating.

In good truth, much as we admire the noble art of carving, it is the very last we should wish to possess in our own person. To be called on for a song is nothing—you can have your revenge on him who asks it by inflicting the torment in return, and on the whole company by bellowing like a bull in a mountainous region. But the celebrated carver is at the mercy of every stomach. Orders come showering in upon him faster than he supply them; the company behave towards him like boys following each other on a slide, at what they call "keeping the pie warm." No sooner are his weapons down, than they are up again; particular cuts are politely, and even flatteringly insinuated. Ladies eat ham who never ate ham before, only that they may admire the delicate transparency; well-known eating characters change plates upon him, that they may not appear to have been helped before;—and the lady of the house simpers with a sweet voice, "Now, Mr. Dempster, that you have helped every body so expeditiously, and with such graceful skill, may I solicit a specimen, the slightest possible specimen, of your handy-work?" Like the last rose of summer, the penultimate fat forsakes the shank to melt in the mouth of Mrs. Haliburton; and on the great question of

"whether Westmoreland, Dumfriesshire, or Westphalia," Mr. Dempster gives no vote, for he has tasted only half a small mouthful of the brown, as sweet as sugar, and more like vegetable than animal matter.

Perhaps therefore on entering into private life, a young man had better let it be generally diffused that he is no carver. In that case he must take his chance of the cut-and-come-again, and will have the good sense to carve cautious, awkwardly, and clumsily, that he may not acquire a good character. Ere long it will be said of him by some friend, to whom thenceforth he owes a family dinner once a-month, that Tom Hastie is a wretched carver. To the truth of this apophthegm, Tom bows acquiescence; and difficult dishes are actually removed from before him, lest he should mar their fair proportions, and leave them in shapeless ruin. In a few years, go where he will, he is never asked to carve anything beyond a haggis; and thus the whole precious dinner-time is left open for uninterrupted stuffing. Once or twice, in a period of ten years, he insists on being suffered to undertake the goose, when he makes a leg spin among the array on the sideboard, and drenches many ladies in a shower of gravy. On the credit of which exploit he escapes carving for an indefinite number of years; for it is amazing how a catastrophe of that kind is handed down and around by oral tradition, till it finally becomes part of national history. The stain is thought even to affect the blood; and it is believed that there never was, and never will be, a carver among the Hasties.

But should the principles now laid down not be fortunate enough to meet the approbation of the reader, and should he, in the face of those principles, determine to become himself, and to make his son—a carver,—then we trust he will listen to us, and, as he values his reputation, learn to carve quickly. Of all the pests, curses of civilized society, your slow carver is at the head. He eyes the

leg of mutton, or round of beef, or goose, or turkey, as if he had not made up his mind as to the name and nature of the animal. Then he suspects the knife, and shakes his head at the edge, although sharp as a razor. He next goes through the positions, as if he were cunning of fence; when observing that he has forgotten to elevate the guard, he lays down the knife, and sets the fork to rights with an air of majesty only possible under monarchical government. But where shall he begin? That is a momentous affair, not so readily settled as you may think; for a carver of such exquisite skill and discretion may commence operations in any one of fifty different ways, and he remains bewildered among thick-coming fancies. However, let him be begun by hypothesis. He draws the knife along as leisurely as if he were dissecting the live body of his mistress, to cure some complaint of a dainty limb. It takes a minute of precious time to bring the slice (but a small one) from jigot to plate, and then he keeps fiddling among the gravy for at least a minute more, till the patience of Job, had he witnessed such dilatory cutting up, would have been totally exhausted. Neither will he let the plate go till the waiter has assured him that he understands for whom it is intended, the fortunate man's name, age, and profession, and probably the colour of his own hair or a wig. He then draws his breath, and asks for small beer. Heaven and earth, only one man as yet been muttoned! Had we held the knife, even we, who blush not to own that we are in some respects the worst carver in Europe, (*credat Judæus Apella*.) half-a-dozen pair of jaws would ere now have been put into full employment. Yet all the while our tardy friend chuckles over his skill in carving, and were you to hint, during the first course, that he was neither an Eclipse nor a Childers, he would regard you with a sardonic smile of ineffable contempt. True it is, however, that although in the upper circles people are careful not to ex-

press their sentiments too plainly, he is the object of curses not loud but deep; and that, however he may be respected as a man, as a carver he is damned.

Akin to the subject we have now been treating, or rather throwing out hints to be expanded by future writers of a more voluminous character, is the habit which some people avowing the Christian faith exhibit—of asking for particular bits, which happen to be favourites with their palate and stomach. This is not merely bad manners, but most iniquitous morals. How the devil do they know that the selfsame bits are not the soul's delight of many other of their Christian brethren, then and there assembled together? How dare men who have been baptized, and go to church even when it is known that their own clergyman is to preach, expose thus the gross greed and gluttony of their unregenerated bowels? The man does not at this hour live, privileged to advance such a claim. We should not have granted it to him who invented the spade or the plough—the art of printing—gun-powder—or the steam-engine. Yet you will hear it acted upon by priors and coxcombs, who at home dine three days a-week on tripe, and the other three on lights and liver, (men of pluck,) while their Sunday rejoices in cheese and bread, and an onion.

Mrs. Meg, whom we have all along forgotten, advances, in her chapter on carving, no directions repugnant to those we have now freely advocated—at least, no directions with which ours might not easily be reconciled. We agree with her, that it is the duty of every man to know which are the best bits, that he may distribute them in the proper quarters. There is much that is amiable in the following succulent passage:—

“*Venison Fat*—the Pope's-eye in a leg of mutton—veal and lamb kidney—the firm gelatinous parts of a cod's head—the thin part of salmon,—the thick of turbot, and other flat fish, are reckoned the prime bits;—

the ribs and neck of a pig,—the breast and wings of fowls,—the legs of hare and rabbit,—the breast and thighs of turkey and goose, cutting off the drumsticks—the wings and breast of pheasants, partridges, and moor game—and the legs and breast of duck are also reckoned delicacies. There are, besides, favourite bits, highly prized by some gourmands, though it is sometimes not easy to discover in what their superior excellence consists; as a shank of mutton,—turbot fins,—cod's tongue,—the bitter back of moor game,—the back of hare,—the head of carp, &c. A knowledge of these things will be of use to the carver as a guide in that equitable distribution of good things which is the most pleasing part of his duty."

Mrs. Dods then observes, "that it is well known that a person of any refinement will eat much more when his food is carved in handsome slices, and not too much at once, than when a piece clumsily cut is put upon his plate. To cut warm joints fairly and smoothly, neither in slices too thick, nor in such as are finically thin, is all that is required of the carver of meat, whether boiled or roasted."

There is not in the whole range of English literature a sounder sentence. We always suspect a sinister motive, when we see our plate filled up with a huge, coarse, fat, outside, stringy, slobbery, gristly lump of animal matter, whilome belonging perhaps to the buttocks of a bull. It seems sent to sicken. When potatoes and greens are added, your plate may be sent to the Canongate jail, by way of a Christmas dinner to the *sine cessione bonorum* debtors. On the other hand, confound us if we "do not hate as a pig in a gate," the opposite extreme. The opposite extreme, is one single solitary mouthful lying by itself disconsolately in the centre of the plate, obviously about as thick as a wafer, and not worth salt. It is generally mutton. It would seem, from all we have observed in the course of our experience, that it is difficult to

help so minutely in beef. But out of a jigot of mutton you may take a slice that would starve a pech among the pignies. Never condescend to begin upon such a famine. Pretend not to know that you have been helped, or treat the slice as a bit of skin that you have left from a previous plentiful supply, and return your plate to old Stingy, who, while he hates, will respect your character, and compliment your appetite indirectly, by praising your health and beauty. Be as determined as any one of the family; and continue sending back your plate till you are satisfied, should it require twenty trips. The man who leaves table hungry through bashfulness, will never make a figure in a world constituted as this is; he will infallibly become the prey of designing villains; if a literary man, he will never rise above two guineas a-sheet; at the bar he will be brow-beat even by the Map without the forehead; and were it possible to imagine him a clergyman, what a figure would he cut at dinner on the Monday of the Preachings!

For the purposes above mentioned, Mrs. Dods goes on to say, "that the carver must be provided with a knife having a good edge; and it will greatly facilitate his operations if the cook has previously taken care that the bones in all carcase-joints are properly jointed." The sending up of a carcase-joint not properly jointed, should, in our humble and humane opinion, be made felony, without benefit of clergy. Curse the cook, say we, who breaketh this law—simple hanging is too good for her, and she should be hung in jack-chains. Why have a cleaver in the kitchen at all? yet, perhaps, the best plan is to trust to the butcher—only the cook too must be answerable, and then you have a double security against the commission of the greatest crime that can stain the culinary annals of a christian country.

We cannot leave the subject of carving, without the following judicious quotation:—

"ROASTED PIG.—We could wish that the practice of having this dish carved by the cook were universal; for, in this fastidious age, the sanguinary spectacle of an entire four-footed animal at table is any thing but acceptable. Like the larger poultry, pig is also very troublesome to the carver, who must have a sharp knife, with which the head is to be taken off in the first place: then cut down the back from neck to rump; afterwards remove the shoulder and leg on each side. The ribs are then to be divided into four portions and the legs and shoulders cut in two. The ribs are, or rather were, esteemed the most delicate part of this dish; now the neck of a well roasted pig is the favourite morsel. The carver must use his discretion in distributing ear and jaw as far as these will go, and help stuffing and sauce more liberally."

A Scotchman in London is perpetually pestered with the question, "What is a Haggis?" Now, no man can be reasonably expected to have the definition of a haggis at his finger-ends. The following will spare them such interrogatory in future.

"THE SCOTCH HAGGIS.—Parboil a sheep's pluck and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the liver, and mince the beef, the lights, and the remaining half of the liver. Take of good beef-suet half the weight of this mixture, and mince it with a dozen small firm onions.—Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours, till it is of a light brown colour and perfectly dry. Less than two tea-cupfuls of meal will do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board, and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little Cayenne, well mixed. Have a haggis-bag perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your whole labour will be lost by its bursting. Put in the meat, with as much good beef-gravy, or strong broth, as will make it a thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat

room to swell; add the juice of a lemon, or a little good vinegar; press out the air, and sow up the bag; prick it with a large needle, when it first swells in the pot, to prevent bursting; let it boil, but not violently, for three hours.

"Obs.—This is a genuine Scotch haggis; there are, however, sundry modern refinements on the above receipt,—such as eggs, milk, pounded biscuit, &c. &c.—but these, by good judges, are not deemed improvements."

A blind man cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive colour—nor can any man alive, no, not the greatest poet on earth, not Barry Cornwall himself, conceive a haggis, without having had it submitted to the senses. It takes possession of the palate with a despotism that might be expected from the "great chieftain of the pudding race." You forget for the time-being all other tastes. The real dishes before you seem fictions. You see them, but heed them not any more than ocular spectra. Your tongue feels enlarged in your mouth, not in size only, but in sensibility. It is more fibrous—also more porous. You could think it composed of the very haggis it enjoys. There is a harmonious call among tongue, palate, and insides of the cheeks.—That is the true total of the whole. Your very eyes have a gust; and your ears are somewhat dull of hearing, trying to taste. The stomach receives without effort, in Epicurean repose, and is satisfied in such gradual delight, that you scarcely know when, how, or why you have ceased to eat. You continue to eye the collapsed bag with grateful affection,—command the waiter to behave kindly to it when removed,—and follow it out of the room with a silent benediction.

It is not uncommon to meet persons in private life who declare that they are wholly indifferent about what they eat or drink—that they eat and drink because they are hun-

gry and thirsty, and in order to recruit and keep up the system. We also eat and drink because we are hungry and thirsty, and in order to recruit and keep up the system; but so far from being indifferent about the matter, we hold the whole physical arrangement to be most exquisite and delicious. Now we cheerfully admit, that there may be patients with callous appetites and hebeted tongues, who have lost the delighted sense of swallow, and are consequently such complete citizens of the world, that they know no distinction between French ragout and Welsh rabbit, Italian macaroni or Scotch rumbletethumps; but if palate and tongue be sound, then the man who says he cares nought about eating and drinking, is obviously such a monstrous and prodigious liar, that we only consider why the earth does not open its jaws and swallow him on the spot. Only look at him lunching when he fondly supposes himself in privacy, and what a gormandizer! He is a great linguist, and understands the Laplandish, as many a reindeer would confess, of whose tongue he had made himself master. He absolutely bolts bacon like one of the North-Riding school. Now he has swallowed the Oxford sausage; and, finally, he revels in the rookery of a supposed pigeon-house. Meanwhile he has been sluicing his ivories with horn after horn of old Bell's beer—trying whether it or his last importation of London porter be preferable for forenoon imbibation. Look, and you will see the large dew-drops on his forehead—listen, and you will hear his jaw or cheek-bones clanking; and that is the black-broth Spartan who is indifferent about what he eats or drinks! An ugly customer at an ordinary! a dangerous citizen in a beleaguered town! If bred to a seafaring life, the first man to propose, when put on short allowance, to begin eating the black cook and the cabin-boy!

There is another class of men, not quite such hypocrites as the above, mistaken men, who bestow upon

themselves the philosophical and eulogistical appellative of Plain-Eaters. Now, strip a Plain-Eater of his name, and pray what is he? or in what does he essentially differ from his brethren of mankind! He likes roast, and boil, and stew. So do they. He likes beef, and veal, and venison and mutton, and lamb and kid, and pig and pork, and ham and tongue. So do they. He likes (does he not?) goose and turkey, and duck and how-towdy, and grouse and partridge, and snipe and woodcock. So do they. He likes salmon and cod, and sea-trout and turbot, and every other species of salt-water fish. So do they. He likes, or would like, if he tried it, A HAGGIS. So do or would they. He likes pan-cakes, and plum-pudding, and brandy nans. So do they. He likes Suffolk and Cheshire cheese, Stilton and weeping Parmesan. So do they. He likes grapes and grozets, pine-apples and jargonels. So do they. He likes anchovies, and devilled legs of turkeys. So do they. He likes green and black teas of the finest quality, rather sweet than otherwise, and sugar-candied coffee, whose known transparency is enriched with a copious infusion of the cream of many Ayrshire cows, feeding upon old lea. So do they. He likes at supper, the "reliquias Danaun," that is, the relics of the diners, presented in metamorphosis. So do they. He thinks that nuts are nuts. So do they. If the crackers are engaged, he rashly uses his teeth. So do they. He has been known to pocket the leg of a fowl. So have they. Once he has had a surfeit. So had they. Then was he very very sick. So were they. He swallowed physic. So did they. Or he threw it to the dogs. So did they. In all things the similitude—nay the identity is complete—either he descends from his altitude—or all the world goes up stairs to him—mankind at large devour but one dish, or he is a Plain-Eater no more.

The truth is, that it is as impossible to define a simple taste in eating, as in writing, architecture, or sculp-

ture. A seemingly Doric dish, when analyzed, is found to be composite. We have seen a black-pudding with a Corinthian capital, eaten in truly attic style. Perhaps there exists not, except in abstraction, such a thing as a perfectly plain dish. A boiled potatoe seems by no means complicated. But how rarely indeed is it eaten without salt, and butter, and pepper, if not fish, flesh, and fowl! Reader! lay your hand on your heart and say, have you ever more than thrice, during the course of a long and well-spent life, eaten, *bona fide per se*, without admixture of baser or nobler matter, a boiled mealy or waxy? We hear you answer in the negative. Look on any edible animal in a live state, from an ox to a frog, and you will admit, without farther argument, that he must undergo changes deep and manifold, before you can think of eating him. Madame Genlis tells us in her amusing *Memoirs*, that once at a fishing party, when a young married woman, to avoid the imputation of being called a Cockney, she swallowed a live minnow. That was plain eating. Madame Genlis was excelled by the French prisoner at Plymouth, who eat live cats, beginning at the whisker and ending at the tip of the tail; but we believe that at particular parts he asked for a tallow candle. Without, however, reasoning the question too high, many is the honest man, who, while he has been supposing himself enacting the character of the Plain-Eater, has been masticating a mixture composed of elements brought from the four quarters of the habitable globe. That he might eat that plain rice-pudding, a ship has gone down with all her crew. The black population of the interior of Africa have been captived, fettered, driven like hogs to the field, and hanged by scores, that he, before going to bed with a cold in his nose, and a nasty shivering, might take his—gruel.

We do not recollect ever to have witnessed any thing approaching to plain taste in eating, except in a mili-

tary man or two, who had seen severe service. One was a Major Somebody, and the other a mere Captain—but they eat up whatever might be put on their plates, without any varying expression suited to the varying viands. In fact, they relished all edible things, yet not passionately; and were never heard to discuss the character of a dish. Generally speaking, the army are neither epicures nor gluttons, when on a peace-establishment. What they may be in the field after a successful forage, we know not, nor yet after storm or sack. The clergy are formidable diners, as you may see with half an eye, from the most cursory survey of face and person. We defy you to find an exception from curate to bishop throughout our whole Episcopal church. No doubt, there are too many small livings—yet produce the present incumbent (the late one is out of reach), and you will find him a weighty argument against all innovation in ecclesiastical affairs. Much comfortable eating has arisen out of Queen Anne's bounty. Our Presbyterian ministers are not a whit inferior to their English brethren in any one essential quality of the clerical character. It is now the time of the General Assembly. What shoulders, and what calves of legs! Go to the Commissioner's dinner and admire the transitory being of the products of this earth. Much good eating goes on in manse, and in the houses of the heritors. Most ministers are men of florid complexion, or a dark healthy brown, and there is only one complaint of the stomach to which they are ever subject. No member of their body ever died of an atrophy. They can digest any thing digestible—and you may observe, that, with a solitary exception here and there, they all uniformly die of old age. A preacher, that is, "a birkie without a manse," plays a capital knife and fork, and a first-rate spoon. He seems always to be rather hungry than otherwise—gaunt, and in strong condition. Not that he or any of his cloth is a glutton. But being a good

deal in the open air, and riding or walking from manse to manse, with a sermon in his pocket, the gastric juice is always in working power, and he is ready for any meal at the shortest notice. In every manse there should be a copy of Meg Dods lying beside Sir John Sinclair. Let it be lent to a neighbour, who will speedily purchase one of her own—she, too, will accommodate a friend—and thus, in a few months, there will be a copy in every respectable house in

the parish. Before the arrival of Edward Irving's Millenium, in 1847, good eating in Scotland will have reached its acmè—and that event will be celebrated by a Great National Festival, of which the Cookery will be transcendental. Mr. Irving will preside, and we ourselves, if alive, will cheerfully accept the office of croupier. But we are dreaming—and must be off to walk with the Commissioner.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE FAIR SEX.

TO whom of the human race, capable of receiving knowledge, should not knowledge be communicated? If you would improve intellectually and socially the *men* of the industrious classes, improve the *women* also. Let your libraries, your models, and your lectures, and all your means of improvement, be equally open to both sexes. Equal justice demands it. Have not women an equal right to that happiness which arises from an equal cultivation of all their faculties that men have? Are happiness and improvement decreased by communicating them to others? Are they not, on the contrary, increased by the pleasures of sympathy and communication? Long have the rich excluded the poorer classes from knowledge: will the poorer classes now exercise the same odious power to gratify the same anti-social propensity—the love of domination over the physically weaker half of their race? By such conduct the best fruits of their own knowledge would be lost; they would have no endearing friends to whom they could communicate, with whom they could compare and improve their attainments. The ignorance of their associates would thwart and render abortive all their efforts to render their knowledge available in the promotion of health, comfort, or social pleasures. By ignorant women their improvements

could not be appreciated, but would be counteracted. Those whom men do not respect, they will not, they cannot treat with humanity, with that justice and beneficence which equally repay the giver and receiver. If the minds of women be not equally improved with those of men, home will either be rendered unattractive to intelligent men, or will become more and more the nursery of the caprices and arbitrary commands of men, rooting out of their minds the very basis of morality. Till women are equally educated with men, men must remain eternally immoral and unintellectual, though acquainted with all the physical sciences; no partial improvement of half of the race will make men better than the lordly owners of West-Indian or Virginian slaves. Instead of confidence and sympathy, merited suspicion, cunning, and overreaching, and all the blunders and vices of the stupidity of ignorant women, will torment men's lives, and retaliate on them the misery produced by the degradation they uphold. Soon are the passions of the brute gratified; what then becomes of the slaves who have no intellectual qualities to command respect? If women remain ignorant, particularly under our present vicious system of isolated domestic training, the minds and dispositions of all the race must remain perverted, in spite

of after education. Early diseases, intellectual and moral, as well as physical, inoculated in childhood, will remain through life, and will eternally weaken, if not blast, the efforts of future counteracting culture. Who so liable as women to rude shocks of the physical frame? Who therefore are so much interested in knowing how to treat and preserve the frame during these perilous attacks? Who so inevitably employed in superintending the physical training and health of the young? Who so occupied about domestic machines and the preparation of food? In all these operations regarding health and comfort, chemistry, mechanics, and natural history, are concerned. Would a knowledge of the sciences, on which these practical arts depend, cause their operations to be worse performed, with

less pleasure to the operator, with less utility to those who are to be benefited by them? Have not women less physical strength than men? Are they not therefore peculiarly fitted for intellectual and social pursuits, which do not peculiarly require strength? Is not the presumption just, that, as men excel in muscular, so would women, were their faculties fully developed, excel in intellectual power? Women have been, in all ages, and are now, more or less, the slaves of the ignorance and imbecility imposed upon them by all men. In improving yourselves, improve equally the other half of your race also. Thus only, by making women your equals, will you accomplish the last great step towards becoming yourselves rational, beneficent, and happy.

THE PRODIGAL.

O FAR, far away, on the limitless sea,
I remember'd the hearts that were breaking for me!
And the deep hollow voices of years that were past
Came more fierce to my soul than the howl of the blast:

For they told me of youth that had dwindled away,
Like a frost-bitten blossom, from hope to decay;
Of the joys I had cherish'd in life's happy morn,
Like the hours that had brought them—ah! ne'er to return!

For the voice of the tempter my heart had assail'd,
In my dread hour of darkness had come and prevail'd;
And the tempest that rages on Passion's release,
Like the breath of the Evil One, blasted my peace.

Oh, dread were the visions that haunted my sight,
When the storm o'er the waters came forth in its might;
When I pray'd, but in vain, that my refuge might be,
From the stings of remorse, in the depths of the sea;

For one form to my eye still appear'd through the gloom—
'Twas my father's—it came from the shades of the tomb;
For his head in the dust was at rest from its care,
But his grey hairs, alas! in their sorrow came there.

I saw him as once he appear'd to my youth,
When my steps he directed to virtue and truth;
But anon, in the phrenzy of passion so wild,
As he wept in despair for his prodigal child.

There too was my mother,—her wail and her cry,
And the tear falling fast, with no comforter nigh;
Even I, far away, when her heart was a-breaking,
Whom in misery and guilt she had never forsaken.

Oh, full was her heart, as in tears it ran o'er
On my visage,—that smiling one infancy wore!
Nor appear'd to her eye, in my life's morning bloom,
One presage of the guilt and the sorrow to come.

Yet was there another remembrance that came
O'er my bosom more fiercely, with traces of flame;
"Twas of love I had cherish'd so early—so well—
As no depth of pollution had power to expel.

But where was the lov'd one, whose memory had shone
Like a light to my soul, when all others were gone?
Had she too deserted my pathway forlorn,
When through sin's gloomy regions my footsteps were borne?

Oh, yes! there are spirits so tender and pure,
That when love strives with virtue they cannot endure;
But fly, when that dread hour to mortals is given,
For shelter, as thine did, my Mary, to heaven!

Alas! that my footsteps so early had rov'd
From those paths of content that my forefathers lov'd;
Or, that Heaven had denied to my wanderings a close,
In that mansion of peace where their ashes repose!

Then sound and untroubled my slumbers had been,
In the grave of the innocent, resting serene;
Where nor guilt nor remorse, nor that dread curse could be,
That was frown'd on the first-born destroyer and me.

STAUENBACH, THE SHARPSHOOTER.

AFTER the battle of Austerlitz, the Austrian army was virtually disbanded. The regiments were left without pay in consequence of the general breaking up of the Austrian finance; the public spirit was extinguished by the result of so many unsuccessful wars; Napoleon's genius seemed to have gained the final ascendancy; and the general feeling throughout the Continent was, that all efforts for independence were hopeless.

But in the midst of this national despair there were some gallant spirits left, as if to keep up the remembrance of the old national glory, and be ready for the time of retribution. Among the disbanded troops was a regiment of sharpshooters, chiefly raised among the range of the Carinthian Alps. They were ordered home to their native place, and some French officers, with a commissary-general, were sent to attend them to Laybach, and see the measure completed.

The country in the neighbourhood of Laybach is remarkably hilly, and the regiment was compelled to scatter a good deal. The men fell into groupes, and as they became less immediately within sight of their

masters, murmurs arose at the journey, and the insult of being thus driven home by French commissaries. As a party were thus talking at a turn of the mountain road, where they had halted without much fear of their officers before their eyes, the rear company of the regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Stauenbach, overtook them, and the sitters-down invited the others to drink. Discipline had been nearly at an end for some days before, and Stauenbach made no objection. He had probably been meditating something of what followed, for, on the glass being presented to him, he drank "the health of our father, (the Emperor), and better days to our country." The toast was received with shouts. What was subsequently done to rouse the sharpshooters is not known, but it may be tolerably conceived, from the fact, that the colonel and staff were the only part of the regiment that entered Laybach with the Frenchmen: what had become of Stauenbach and the other officers no one could tell. Inquiry was set on foot by the French authorities, who were then pervading every corner of the Austrian territory: but nothing could be

ascertained, further, than that the whole regiment had anticipated Napoleon's orders, and had suddenly disappeared.

In a few days, however, reports were brought in to Laybach of occasional fires having been seen in the mountains that edge the valley of the Saave; and one morning the despatches, regularly forwarded to the French commissary-in-chief, did not arrive. This produced some disturbance in the city, and no slight alarm among the gentlemen of the French staff, who immediately despatched a courier to Moravia for an additional force of French troops. The courier set out at night, to prevent accidents; but his prevention was unlucky, for the next day he was set down blindfold within a short distance of Laybach, with a note declaring "war against the French," and informing "the French staff," that if they chose to stay in Laybach they might, but that not a man of them should ever return to France. This formidable document was signed "the King of the Mountains."

This billet produced singular excitement in the city. The French commandant instantly ordered a meeting of the authorities, and in this civic and military council his Majesty of the Mountains was declared a public enemy, and a reward of the adequate number of thalers was offered for him, dead or alive. This was probably an unwilling measure on the part of the grave burghers of Carniola, but they knew the activity of Napoleon's vengeance too well to talk of hesitation; with the populace it was altogether a different affair, and their rejoicing at the defiance was all but treason to the supremacy of the conqueror. The "King of the Mountains" was an effective name, and the habitual taste of the German for forest wonders found its supreme indulgence in inventing attributes and adventures for this mysterious monarch.

War, and of all its kinds insurrectionary war, is fitted to take hold

upon the popular imagination. Its secrecy, its sudden explosions—its sudden extinctions in one quarter, to spring up like a conflagration in another—even the personal intrepidity, intelligence, and dexterity required in its solitary and hazardous enterprises, throw a romantic and superstitious interest about it, that gives a powerful impulse to the imagination. The "King of the Mountains" had none of the established indolence of the throne; he seemed even to have the faculty of being every where at once. The arrival of couriers soon ceased totally, or occurred only by permission of his invisible majesty: and then the letters were generally open, and accompanied by remarks, sometimes burlesque and sarcastic, and sometimes conveying intelligence of the most disastrous nature from France. The peasants brought provisions to the city only under the passport of his majesty; the traders and travellers were compelled to advertise in the Laybach *Zeitung* before they set out, their route, with a declaration that they were not going to France; in short, his majesty's determination to extinguish all intercourse with the land of tyranny, was expressed with the most undiplomatic distinctness and absence of ceremony.

The French authorities, however, now set themselves actively to resist the public feeling; and, as their first step, ordered the printer of the *Zeitung* to jail, with a declaration, that the first merchant or traveller suspected of compromising with "the banditti," should follow the printer. This had its effect for a few days, and the advertisements were stopped. But a Bolognese jeweller, who had come to the fair of Idria, and after lingering impatiently for some weeks in the city, was anxious to realize his produce on the other side of the Tyrol, had not left Laybach half a German mile, when he was met by a party of armed "peasantry," who ordered him back. They took nothing from him, and when he offered them money, refused it, stating that

they were paid by their own "sovereign;" and ordered merely to prevent any man's going through his territory without his passport. Some other attempts had the same result; until at length the French commandant determined to take the field against the unseen usurper. He gathered about five hundred troops of different arms, and called out the Burgher-guard to make up his army. But the citizens had long since settled their minds upon the point, and they, one and all, discovered so many personal reasons for objecting to a mountain campaign, that M. le Colonel de Talmont was at last, with infinite indignation, obliged to compromise the affair, and leave the whole of the gallant Burgher-guard for the defence of the gates and ditches.

The Colonel was a bold fellow, a *riche moustache*, who had served from the time of Moreau's march into Swabia, and was a soldier all over. The idea that his communications should be intercepted by a "mountain thief, a pedlar, a goat hunter," was at once intolerable and ludicrous; and he promised the civil council, that, before twelve hours were over they should see the "robber" with a rope round his neck. For the purpose of more complete surprise, the expedition was to wait for nightfall. About seven in the evening a patrol which had been ordered to search the market peasants as they passed out of the gates, (for the honest Carniolans were strongly suspected of carrying on the correspondence of the disaffected within and without,) brought in an old seller of eggs, in whose basket they had found some gunpowder. This was of course contraband of war, and the peasant was brought to head-quarters. A farther search discovered a letter to the "Mountain King." He was extremely decrepid, and so deaf, that he could be scarcely made to understand that a court-martial was about to be held upon him. His Carniolan jargon was equally lost upon the Colonel. To shoot him, however, required some

consideration. Trial was impossible, with a man destitute of all faculty of explanation, or understanding; his age rendered him harmless; and cruelty might have irritated the country people (who had crowded back on his seizure,) and deprived the city of its provisions. Finally, as the best alternative, it was determined to make use of the old man as a guide to the haunt of the insurgent chief.

This, however, he positively refused to be, under fifty pleas of ignorance, feebleness, and fear; he was at last induced to give way, was seated on a baggage mule, and with a bayonet at his back was marched out with the troops. The peasantry hung their heads, with no very measured expressions of wrath at the hoary traitor; but as the French never condescend to know any language but their own, all this was lost upon them. Night fell—the expedition proceeded—and the old man and his ass were put in front of the column, watched by half-a-dozen Chasseurs as the advance of the whole.

The mountain-range that overhangs the Idrian Mine Country is, though not very elevated, remarkably rugged. Short, sharp descents, and heights where every rock seems pointed for the express purpose of repulsion, make it an extremely arduous business to work one's way through it in the day-time—what must it be in the night! To add to its difficulties, one of those storms, so common and so violent in the summer of the south of Germany, came on. The whole expedition, the "general camp, pioneers and all," were drenched in a moment, and after a faint struggle to get on, the whole scattered themselves under the pine trees that cover every spot where a root can cling. The Colonel, fearful of losing his guide, now ordered him to be doubly watched; but he was so far from attempting escape, that, to avoid the storm, he was already making his way back to the clump where the Colonel had taken his stand.

The storm had now risen to a pitch of fury that made the shelter of the

forest more perilous than even the open air; the trees were torn up by the roots—huge branches were flying about, to the infinite peril of every one who came in their way—sheets of gravel, and the lighter stones from the sides of the limestone cliffs, filled the air; and when to this were added thunder, that absolutely deafened the ear, and flashes that burst like shells from rock to rock, splitting whatever they touched, it may be believed, that the French wished themselves far enough that night from the mountains of Idria.

It was now between twelve and one; the troops had been out four hours, and as no symptoms of the insurgents had appeared, and every soul was heartily tired, the order was given to return. The whole corps was instantly *en route* with gladdened hearts; but even this had now become no trivial matter. The road, bad enough before, was now ten times worse; the ascents were so alippery as to be almost inaccessible; the descents were but so many precipices—plunging them into so many torrents, as every rivulet had now swelled into a furious stream. The Laybach river this night had many a knapsack and pouch carried down its flood from the tributary streams of the hills.

In two hours more it would be morning, and the storm had at length begun to subside. But fighting was altogether out of the question, in the present dilapidated state of the "grand army" of Laybach. They were now toiling their slow way along the verge of the hollow in which the Quicksilver Mines lie, and which, from its shape and perpetual vapour, puts the traveller in mind of the boiler of a steam-engine; but, however picturesque for the eye of the tourist, a more vexatious route for a drenched army could not have been found in all Germany.

On a sudden, the old guide pointed to something that through the fog looked like the light in a cottage window. In a moment it had disappeared, and was in another

followed by successive lights. The Colonel was an old soldier, and had learned his first lessons in the mountain battles of the Brigau. The troops were instantly closed up, and ordered to stand to their arms—but the order had been scarcely given, before a shower of shot was poured in upon the position. Some men were knocked down close to the Colonel, and among them the old guide. De Talmont was proverbially brave, and cared nothing about giving or taking death; but he had humanity about him still, and he stooped down to give the dying man a draught of wine out of his canteen. The peasant swallowed it with difficulty, and dropped back on the ground with a deep groan. The firing had suddenly ceased, or was kept up only by the French flankers, who sent out a random shot now and then, without, however, knowing on which side the assailants were to be found. The word was again given to move, and the column began to pass down the sharp declivity above the village of Idria: but this declivity is seven hundred feet by the plumbline; and it may be imagined that, in utter darkness, it was not the easiest path in the world for a drenched and harassed party of foreigners. They had not descended half a hundred feet when a rifle flashed full in the Colonel's face; and this signal was followed by a rapid running fire, that seemed to circle the whole valley. The column feebly attempted to recover the high ground, but the balls came in showers from the ridge; to make their way down to the village was as much out of the question, unless they rolled themselves down the scarped precipice, where none but a dead man could ever reach the bottom; to stand where they were was impossible, for the bullets were raking their exposed column in all directions.

The Colonel had now found out his error, and with a few desperate men made a rush to the summit; the fire gradually paused on both sides from the excessive darkness, and he

made good his footing ; but out of his five hundred not above fifty could be gathered round him—the rest had been either shot or scattered through the forest. With that fifty, however, he made a bold stand, and the firing began to be vivid again, when he felt himself suddenly grasped by the neck. The grasp was that of a giant ; and he was in a moment dragged away among the rocks, until, between exhaustion and surprise, he fainted.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself in a hut with two or three long-bearded wild-looking figures, warming themselves over a stove. Beside the bed on which he lay, there was sitting a handsome, athletic young man, in the uniform of a Yager ; the Colonel thought that he had seen the face before, and inquired into whose hands he had fallen.

"Better hands than a Frenchman's," was the rough answer : "for if we had fallen into theirs, we should have been shot ; you are now among the freehunters of Carniola."

"And who are you ?" said the prisoner.

"Me ! why, I am all things in turn," said the Yager, laughing. "Yesterday I was a grave citizen of Laybach, attending the order of Colonel de Talmont to shoulder my musket and mount guard in honor of Napoleon ; this morning I am the King of the Mountains. I wish you joy at your arrival in my dominions, Colonel !"

"So, I am to thank your Majesty for last night's work ; I wonder you did not shoot me at once—if I had caught you, it would have gone hard with your Kingship."

"Why, then, to tell you the truth, you were spared for the sake of a little piece of service that you did to a friend of mine."

The Yager started up, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders, came forward tottering towards the bed.

"Ah, by Jove, our old guide—that infernal old rogue ; I suspected him once or twice, but the rascal seemed so decrepid, there was no use

in killing him ; a pistol-shot would scarcely have hurried him out of the world. Yes, I could have sworn that he was mortally wounded by the first fire. All a *ruse*, then ?"

"All," said the Yager, "all was fictitious, but the generosity of Colonel de Talmont, that would not let even an old peasant go to the other world without a cup of wine. I was the old peasant—I had gone into the city to see what you were about. I threw myself in the way of your patrol, Colonel, and became your guide. I had intended, as soon as I had brought you thoroughly into mischief, to make my escape, and take the command of my mountaineers. But you watched me too well—I had then nothing for it, but to pretend to be wounded in the first fire. The manoeuvre succeeded tolerably, but, upon my honour, when I caught a glimpse of you, turning round to examine me, I expected to have found the business settled by the point of your sabre. I was agreeably disappointed by finding your canteen at my mouth, and from that moment I wished to be of what service I could to you. On your advance I was free, and you know the rest. The flashing of the rifles shewed me where you stood ; and, as the only chance of saving you, I took the liberty of making a dash at your neck ; it was no time for ceremony, and I was lucky enough in carrying you off without being touched myself. This is my palace, Colonel, and here you may command."

"And who the devil are you, after all ?" said the Colonel.

"Mystery is a source of the sublime," answered the Yager. "That must remain a secret till better times."

In a few days the Colonel was sent to Laybach. He found the greater part of his expedition there before him, for the random firing of a night attack had produced little besides terror. The dispersion of the troops, however, had been complete ; they had brought home neither arms, ammunition, nor baggage. But in default of these, they had brought abun-

dance of exaggerated stories of the multitude and ferocity of the enemy. De Talmont soon returned with his corps to France. He found the passes open, and the King of the Mountains true to the laws of hospitality. But it fared differently with his successors; his Majesty continued the wonder of Carniola, and the horror of the French, for years. He continually surprised and defeated the corps that attempted to beat up his quarters, until the idea was utterly abandoned in despair. His last exploit was cutting off the rear division and the whole of the baggage of a French Marshal moving on Italy. Who the mountain king was, nobody knew, he had a hundred histories; he was alternately supposed to be Hofer, who had escaped from Mantua; Steinfort, the famous Austrian general of Light troops, whose body had not been found after the battle of Austerlitz; and a multitude of others. The country people, however, fairly believed him to be neither Tyrolese nor German,

but a good incarnation of the Devil—a benevolent prince of the power of the air—to be touched by neither ball nor bayonet, and, in the fitting time, to lead his mountain spirits to the liberation of the empire.

At length the aggressions of France compelled Austria to try the chances of war again. On the first order to levy troops, Lieutenant Stauenbach appeared at the court of Vienna with the offer of a regiment of *three thousand* sharpshooters! A deputation of his companions in their mountain costume, long-bearded, and with buskins and caps of wolf and bear-hides, attended him. The offer was gladly received. He was placed at the head of his "Free corps," and distinguished himself by remarkable gallantry in the campaign of Wagram. At the battle of Leipsic he was a general officer, with the "Free corps" in his division; and the mountaineers of Carniola, and their general Stauenbach, will be long remembered by Germany, and by her enemies.

A VISIT TO THE CORRICOICH, OR THE GLEN OF MIST, CAITHNESS-SHIRE.

CORRICOICH, or the Glen of Mist, is at the south-west extremity of Caithness, where that county is connected with Sutherland. It is singularly romantic, being shut out from the rest of the country by the lofty ridge of Scerabin on one side, and on the other by the hills of Maidenpap and Morven. Two beautiful streams, called Langwell and Berridale, wind through it in different directions, and fairly encircle the mountains, the latter of which form, as it were, the termination of one extremity of the vale, standing like giants, to prevent all passage in that direction. The bottom of the glen is mostly a black moss, covered with red heath, and here and there indented with patches of verdure, which afford nourishment to a few sheep; but towards the sides of the mountains it is much more fertile,

and supports numerous flocks both of sheep and cattle. A few shepherds' cottages are scattered at almost viewless distance over the valley; but the traces of human habitation form but an unimportant feature in this district, whose principal character is that of quiet and solitary grandeur. And this grandeur is rendered the more impressive, that it is retired from observation, and as yet unbroken by the feet of tourists and visitors—those personages who have contrived to rob from many of the wildest and sublimest scenes of Scotland the poetic halo of loneliness and desertion which formerly hung over them. Corricchoich is yet unstained by such publicity. The mountains still rear their heads in unbroken silence, and the sacredness of retirement has not been violated. It is a spot which those who wish to witness

Nature in her wildest and most exalted mood should see, and which those who have once seen will not easily forget.

I remember well when I first visited this romantic glen. I was accompanied by a gentleman of the country, a very excellent and valued friend. We were both on horseback; the time was morning, and the season the month of August. I had heard much of Corrichoich, and as I longed to see it, my companion consented to accompany me, although it was twenty miles distant from his own house.

We set off very early. The morning was beautifully fair. A few vapours hung upon the crest of Morven, and the Sun falling upon them, tinged them with his own complexion, and the mountains seemed thus robed in a canopy of golden clouds. The sky above closed over the vale its vast sapphirine dome. In the lower regions a settled calmness prevailed; and the dark shadows of the hills, thrown upon the Glen, gave it a bold and imposing aspect. The inhabitants seemed a primitive race, to all appearance farther back in civilization than those of the rest of the country. I particularly remarked their system of agriculture, which, however, is not peculiar to this quarter of Caithness. The ploughs were extremely rude and slender, and gave no indication of having ever passed through the hands of the smith. It appeared as if every man constructed his own. They were generally drawn by three or four very small ponies, which were led along by a boy or woman. At first sight they appeared inadequate to the purpose, but the soil is light and sandy, and easily yielded even to their moderate pressure. When we arrived in the Glen, we were taken for excise officers, and it was easy to perceive that no small sensation was excited by our appearance, for smuggling is here carried on to a considerable extent: and of all visitors, the officers of the revenue are, of course, the most unwelcome. Our near approach, how-

ever, dissipated the fears of the inhabitants, and we were met with a civility and kindness which amply atoned for their previous backwardness.

I had here occasion to notice that untaught politeness which is so strongly attached to the Highland character. The women curtsied, and the men doffed their bonnets respectfully as we passed them. Some of the former were singularly handsome. In all the pastoral districts which I have visited, the females are remarkable for beauty; and in the mountainous parts of this county I had occasion to observe the striking difference between them and those who live on the sea-shore. The latter are generally coarse-featured and ill made; but the former possess in general, not only a beauty of countenance, but an elegance of frame and carriage, which would be remarked in far more polished societies. There was in particular one beautiful little maiden, whose image, though I wished it, I could not dispel from my mind. She was a shepherd's daughter, and only thirteen years of age. Her father sent her to conduct us over a part of the moor with which my friend was not acquainted. Bare-footed, and neatly clad in her russet-frock, the little fairy skipped away before us over the heath. She was indeed exquisitely beautiful. Her yellow hair waved gracefully over a brow and bosom, naturally as smooth and fair as alabaster, but somewhat browned by constant exposure among the hills. Her eye was as the blue of the purest heaven,—deep, liquid, and expressive; while her lips, of coral, vied in richness with all the sweets and flowers which poetry has accumulated together in celebration of loveliness.

Such was this beautiful child, who was doomed to pass away her existence in so romantic and retired a spot—doomed to spring up in solitude, and bloom, and flourish, and fade, and die, unknown to the voice of fame. And yet who could lament

her obscure lot! Had fate destined her to a high rank, she would have been better known, but would she have been happier? Her charms would have gone forth to every ear, and her vanity, if she possessed such in a high degree, might have been gratified; but would she have lived in that quiet of mind, without which life is a burden? Would she have lain down in happiness and awaked in happiness? Alas! no: envy, and pride, and hatred, and all the passions which are apt to wait on high-born beauty, would have grown upon her soul. The adulation of the flatterer would have corrupted her. The canker-worm of care, in the midst of her proudest triumphs, would have found its way to the heart; and she would have heard the voice of Conscience ever and anon whispering unutterable things. I could not wish this fair creature such a doom. I could not regret that Nature had made her estate thus lowly, and placed her so far away from the stir and bustle of human exertion. There let her remain; her home is in the wilderness, but it is a quiet and unambitious home. While others walk in palaces, she treads her humble cottage. While others listen to the music of venal tongues and instruments, she has the murmur of her mountain streams,—she has the winds that sweep with majestic cadence through the glens, and the thunder bursting with solemn peal from the tops of her native hills. This is music, and to those who have souls attuned to the harmony of the universe, it is nobler and more impressive than any produced by harp or psaltery. And, lastly, while others worship the Deity in the pride of place and circumstance, and have no religion save in the “outer man,” its very spirit floats divinely over her humble roof—consecrates with its presence the good deeds of those who dwell within—waits upon them from the cradle—conducts them through life, and cheers them up at last in that dreadful conflict, when the soul and body bid each other a last adieu.

The day advanced, and we continued to ride onward. Our path lay to the cottage of an aged shepherd with whom we were acquainted, and who, some weeks before, had invited us to visit him. Eighty-five years had already rolled over his head, and yet he was active and hale. He had passed the whole of that long period in the Glen of Mist, tending his flocks, rearing his family, and honouring his God. He informed us, that he had been an elder of the church for thirty-seven years, and we were assured, that during a much longer period he had never been absent from it a single Sabbath. “Heaven,” he said, “had granted him health, and the least return he could make was by going at the proper and stated intervals to the house of his Maker.” I see the aged pilgrim yet before my eyes—his stately form slightly bent by years, and a few *lyart* locks still waving on his venerable forehead. His cottage lay in the bottom of the Glen, at its most retired and romantic extremity, and was sheltered by the high hill of Morven, which rose behind it. A single tree waved its ample foliage over the roof, and before the door flowed the beautiful rivulet of Ber-ridale, in its way to encircle the mountains.

I anticipated much pleasure from visiting this aged man: he formed, as it were, a link between the last generation and the present; and he now lived in a species of patriarchal dignity, with his children and his children's children around him. To reach his dwelling we hastened the speed of our horses. We had not gone far, however, when a melancholy air, like that of the saddest pibroch, fell upon our ears. We knew not what it could mean. The sound seemed afar off, and came from some corner of the valley as yet invisible. We listened again, and it approached nearer. At first it was broken and indistinct, and the ear could only catch a few of the strange notes; the rest were dissipated by space before they could reach us, or borne

away on the morning breeze. In a few minutes more the strain was fuller, and resolved itself into a sad and plaintive melody. "That," said my friend, "is the *cronan* of the dead. A funeral procession approaches." And his words were true, for, in turning the corner of a rock, we were saluted with a louder and more impressive tone, while upon our eyes burst a numerous convoy of mourners. The scene was singularly affecting. All the population of the Glen seemed to have been poured out to swell this procession. The old and the young walked in sympathy together. But where was *he* to whose house we were bound—he who for years had done the pastor's part, in saying the final prayer before the corpse was carried away, and who was never absent from performing the last duties to the dead? he was not there, but in his stead, and in his place, walked Mr. D——, the parish minister. The truth burst upon us like lightning. His days had been numbered, and he was in the way of being carried to his final home. That home was in his native glen. He was not laid in the common cemetery appropriated for the dead; he had chosen the depths of the hills for his tomb—a spot consecrated, by containing the ashes of his father, and hallowed in the minds of the inhabitants by the most sacred associations. It was at the foot of Scerabin, in a small valley formed by a cleft of the mountains. The place was strangely wild—girded on each side, save at the entrance, by stupendous rocks—covered at the bottom by a mossy verdure, and canopied above by the awful vault of heaven. We followed the procession to this romantic spot. As the mourners came nearer it, the music seemed to acquire more sublime pathos. The mountains caught up its tones, and gave them back in echo to the wilderness; while the spirit of a pervading sorrow floated around, rendering the aspect of every object more joyless and desolate. At

length the coffin was dropped into the ground, and the earth flung reverently over it. Then arose the final strain of the coronach: it was sadder and louder than ever. The echoes of Morven and Scerabin responded in sympathy to its tones. From rock to rock, and from glen to glen, it arose, till it died in the distance. Fancy might deem that the spirit of the departed would fly away on the pinions of this sad strain, but long ere this it had gone to a better world; and when the grave was covered up, the minister pointed impressively to the spot, and said, "There lies a Christian, if there was ever one."

Our visit to Corrichoich, instead of being one of pleasure, was thus clouded over with grief. We however, received a friendly invitation to return to the house of the deceased, to refresh ourselves and our steeds. Most of those who had attended the funeral walked slowly away to their own homes, to reflect on the loss which had been sustained. We, in company with the family, and a few particular friends of the patriarch, went to the cottage. Sorrow sat on every face; but it was not like that which springs up when youth and beauty are hurried untimely away. It was a deep and a manly woe, but there were no overwhelming bursts of feeling—no out-breakings of the heart. The lot of the dead could not be said to be a hard one. He had grown grey in years: he had fulfilled his mission upon earth; and fading away like all material things, he had in due season been gathered to his fathers. The chair, which for half a century he was wont to occupy, stood empty at the ingle-nook. His tartan plaid hung over it, and hard by was the staff which for so many days had supported his footsteps over his native hills. These objects gave rise to remembrances, but they were not unpleasant. They aroused no emotions of pity for departed strength or loveliness, nor awoke unavailing reflections on the cruel ruthlessness of

death. What had happened was an expected event—all had looked for it; and when it did take place, however much the feelings might be melted, the judgment could not but regard it as a consummation of happiness to the aged and venerable man.

We remained with the family, till twilight, descending upon the glen, told us it was time to depart. We bade them adieu, and rode homeward by the Strath of Langwell. The sun was slowly declining. We saw his broad disk, like a ball of fire, sinking behind the distant hills of Sutherland, and throwing over the clouds which curtained the firmament the last beams of his decaying grandeur. A dim but sultry glare shone upon Corrichoich. The tops of the hills were robed in mist, but their black shoulders still stood forth in bold and stupendous relief. The tranquillity that brooded over the gloomy solitude was awful—not a breath disturbed it. The sea-mew, which occasionally winged its way thus far, was still; and the raven's voice, and the bleating of the sheep, and the barking of the shepherds' dogs, we heard no more. We rode on in silence. It would have been cruel to break this strange and sad calm even by a whisper, and we uttered none. At length we passed the spot where eight hours before the ancient shepherd had been buried. Was it fancy that gave rise to those wild notes? I know not; but at this moment the sound of the

plaintive coronach seemed to come from a distance. It fell upon my ear as in the morning—then it approached nearer and nearer, and melted into a loud and subduing strain. I heard it dying away in echo among the mountains—then renewed by the musician—then again taken up by the rocks, and dissolved and aroused in interminable succession. Then I turned my eyes towards the place of Death, and saw arise from it the form of the dead. At first, tall, gigantic, and indistinct, he towered like a pillar of mist above the rocks;—then, sinking down through the air, he stood upon his grave, acquired his living size, and waved his paly hand—and, as he waved it the coronach became louder and more melancholy, and its echoes among the hills more extensive. A dreamy indistinctness floated before my imagination, and I rode unconsciously on, meditating with a sort of undefined awe upon the vision. I still saw the phantom through the darkness: I still heard the music; and I knew not whether I was asleep or awake, when I heard the voice of my friend calling loudly upon me. This broke the enchantment. In a moment my wandering ideas were recalled, and the creations which fancy had so idly brought up, vanished like a gossamer cloud before the sun. Instead of seeing strange sights, and hearing unearthly music, I found myself riding on in silence through the darkness of the Glen of Mist.

VARIETIES.

EDUCATION OF A YOUNG ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

HE is first trained at one of the great public schools, established in close alliance with the church, and under the management of clerical teachers; he is then handed over to a priest, to prepare him for college. When ripe for college, he is received by many priests and quasi-priests, and tutored there, if not in

much science, at least in deep reverence for the mother church, and in as great horror of the pope as his ancestors were taught to entertain for the reformation in the same halls, under the same arts. When he leaves the sacred haunts, he is attended on the grand tour by some chosen priest, fellow of a college, and expectant of a living, either from that college, or from his pupil: and, finally,

ly, he returns to take his place as a legislator by hereditary right in one house, or by hereditary nomination in the other, filled with unspeakable respect for every existing institution of his own country, and contempt of every foreign usage; convinced that no Papist can be saved, that no dissenter can be a gentleman, that no person of the Church of England can do wrong, that nobody but a parson of the said church can teach his children, and that no place is fit and safe for them to be taught at but Oxford or Cambridge, which has made him what he is.

ANCIENT GREEK INSCRIPTION.

In the neighborhood of Rome, an ancient tomb has recently been discovered, with a Greek inscription in such tolerable preservation as to allow of the following fragments of translation:—"My country is the immortal Rome; my father is its emperor and king."—"My name is Allicilla, the beloved name of my mother."—"Destined for my husband from infancy, I leave him, in dying, four sons approaching to manhood."—"It is by their pious hands that I have been placed, still young, in this tomb."

COOKE AND INCLEDON.

Cooke and Incledon, after playing at the Richmond Theatre, retired to the Star and Garter to sup together. The convivial habits of these two *kistrionics* are well known; but soaker as Incledon was, he was by no means a match for George Frederick, and accordingly was the first who felt inclined to retire from the contest, and exclaim, "hold! enough!" "Sit ye down, Charley! sit ye down, man," said Cooke, "we'll have another bottle." "No, no, my dear fellow—'tis late—'tis late—besides I've to sing before *the king and the queen* to-morrow night, you know, at the Covent Garden *The-a-tre*, and must be careful of my voice, so good night—good night." "Phoo! phoo! sit ye down, man—sit ye down. I tell you we'll have another

bottle." "Impossible, my dear fellow, impossible. I've to sing before *the king and the queen*, and—" "Sit ye down, I say—sit ye down. Your voice! by heaven! 'tis harmony! the music of the spheres, Sir! and another bottle!"—"Upon my soul! now—" "Here! waiter!" "I tell you I—" "Well, sing me the Storm first—the Storm, my bully boy!" "No, no, not to night, my dear fellow—not to night." "Come, Cease rude bore—"—"Impossible! I've to sing before *the king and the queen*, and—" "You won't, then?" "Not to night, good bye—good bye." "You *shall* though, Charley—you *shall* sing me the Storm before morning," said Cooke; and Incledon retired. He had not been long asleep, however, before he was awoken by two constables, who, approaching the bed, immediately seized him. "Hands off," vociferated our vocalist, as soon as passion permitted him to speak. "Hands off, I say! what do you mean, ye rascals?" "Come, come, no nonsense; bless you! we know the whole." "The whole!" "Ay, so put on your things quietly, Muster Smith, and come with us." "Muster Smith! I'm Charles Incledon, ye villains! Charles Incledon, sirrah! the native vocalist! I've to sing before *the king and the queen* to-morrow night, and unless you bundle this instant—" "I tell you it wo'nt do, we know you. Charles Incledon, indeed! ha! ha! ha! that's a good one, aint it, Sam? What! I suppose you did'nt rob that there poor woman of her bundle this here blessed morning, upon the green yonder." "I tell you I'm Charles Incledon—my friend George Frederick Cooke is now in the house, and will tell you the same." "Muster Cooke! why that's the gentleman as informed against you. Howsomdever if you're Charles Incledon, you can sing the Storm, you know." "To be sure, I can, ye scoundrels—to be sure I can sing the Storm indeed! only stand aside, and I'll soon—" So saying, he cleared his pipes, and in this situation poured forth this cele-

brated ditty, with his usual pathos and power, at the conclusion of which Cooke thrust his head from behind the curtain, and saying with a sneer, "*I told you you should sing the Storm before morning, Charley,*" left him to his repose.

M. BRÉGUET.

The Duke of Orleans, when in England, showed one of Bréguet's watches to Mr. Arnold, the chronometer-maker: he was so delighted with it, that he set off that very night to Paris to see Bréguet: he was received with open arms. The art was improved by their frank and mutual communications, and Mr. Arnold took M. Bréguet's son back with him to London, where he initiated him in all the secrets of the art. This is a proof of the high esteem merit inspires in liberal and superior minds, and is a high compliment to the two men who were unrivalled in their art.

CORRECT PRINCIPLES.

A gallego [a water-carrier] was sent for by a fidalgo, who, aware of his fidelity, unburdened his mind to him, by saying that a certain individual was obnoxious to him. The good-natured gallego understood the hint; the price agreed upon was a *moidore*; and the *Senhor Mendez* declared that his excellency's enemy should not witness the setting of the sun. The fidalgo rose from his seat, embraced his Gallacian friend with rapture, and insisted on his partaking of some '*vacca com arros,*' on which he was just dining. Mendez recoiled with horror at the proposition, and exclaimed, "Your excellency little knows my principles, if you conceive me capable of eating beef on a Friday!"

ANECDOTE.

Destouches, the dramatist, was sent to England with Cardinal Dubois, who was ambassador at our court. The cardinal left him as *charge d'affaires*, to return to Paris. The archbishopric of Cambrai fell vacant

by the death of the virtuous Feneon. The most profligate man of the age, Dubois, aspired to be his successor, but did not dare to solicit the regent for it; and he wrote to Destouches, to ask George L. to request of the Regent Duke of Orleans to confer it on him (Dubois.) Destouches made the application. "How can you imagine," said his majesty, "that a Protestant king can meddle in the making a French archbishop? The regent would laugh at it, and most certainly do nothing." "Pardon me, sire, he will laugh at it, but will do whatever your majesty desires." "Well, we will see." His majesty signed the request, and Dubois was elected to the vacant see of Cambrai.

A CANAL DIGGING-MACHINE.

A canal digging-machine has recently been introduced at Paris, to be worked, either by horse, manual, or other moving power. It is capable of digging ten feet deep, and a power equal to eight horses is required to work it. The machine will extract and carry out of the canal ninety-six cubic feet per minute. It advances gradually in working, and digs eight feet in breadth at one stroke.

OMOGRAPHY.

A new art, to which the name of omography has been given, has been invented by M. Aiguebelle, of Paris; which is said to afford an extraordinary facility in executing not only all that has hitherto been done by engraving and lithography, but also the effects of the pencil and stump, which neither the graver nor the crayon has yet been able to accomplish.

ANECDOTE OF WEBER.

Weber was invited to dine with Mr. L——, the music-seller, whose residence and establishment are of a very handsome description. On entering the noble drawing-room, the quiet German opened his eyes, and, looking round, said softly, as if to himself, "I see it is better to sell music than to write it."